PALL MALL GAZETTE

An Evening Newspaper and Review.

No. 7423.—Vol. XLIX. TUESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 1, 1889. Price One Penny.

TO-NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.
(Augustus Harris, Lessee and Manager.)
TO-DAY at 2.30 and 7.30, THE BABES IN THE WOOD. Messrs. Harry Nicholls, Herbert Campbell, C. Lauri, jun., Stevens, Leno, Griffiths Bros., Andrews, Inch, Pleon, Henderson, Stanley, Dearno, and Harry Payne; Mesdames Florence Dysart, Duggin, Mayer, ENEA, Grey, Charteris, and Harriet Vernon.

LYCEUM THEATRE.
(Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Henry Irving.)
MACBETH, TO-NIGHT, at 7.45, Macbeth, Mr. Henry Irving; Lady Macbeth, Miss Ellen Terry. Messrs. Alexander, Wenman, Tyars, Webster, Howe, Haviland, Harvey, Johnson, Raynor, Cottam, Tracy, Archer, &c.; Misses Marriott, Seaman, Desborough, Coleridge, Ivor, &c. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurd) open 10 to 5. Seats can also be booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
(Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree.)
TO-NIGHT, at 8.30 precisely, the new original Drama, by Mr. Haddon Chambers, entitled "CAPTAIN SWIFT." Mr. Tree, Mr. Mackin, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Fuller Mellish, Mr. Allan, Mr. Harwood, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Brookfield; Lady [illegible], Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Cudmore, and Mrs. Tree. Preceded, at 7.30, by THE DOWAGER OF BAYSWATER AND CO. Doors open at 7.30. Box-office open daily, 10 till 5. MORNING PERFORMANCE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

CRITERION THEATRE.
(Lessee and Manager, Mr. Charles Wyndham.)
THIS EVENING, at 8.0, BERYL. (Last Night but Two.) Preceded by, at 8.10, THE DOWAGER. Doors open at 7.45. MATINÉE SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.

TOOLE'S THEATRE.
THE SOLE.—RETURN and REAPPEARANCE of Mr. J. L. TOOLE. EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Merivale's successful Comedy, THE DON. Mr. J. L. TOOLE, supported by powerful company. Preceded, at 7.45, CHEAP AS A POST. Doors open at 7.15. Carriages at 11 to 6.30. MORNING PERFORMANCE of THE DON, EVERY SATURDAY, at 2 o'clock. THE DON, 250th representation To-night.

SAVOY THEATRE.
(Proprietor and Manager, Mr. D'Oyly Carte.)
TO-NIGHT, at 7.30, the New and Original Comic Opera, in Two Acts, by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, entitled THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD; or, THE MERRYMAN AND HIS MAID. Presented at 7.30 by MRS. JARMAN'S COMPANY. Doors open at 7. MORNING PERFORMANCE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30. Doors open at 2.0. Box-office open continuously from 9 A.M. to 11 P.M.

ADELPHI THEATRE.
(A. and S. Gatti, Sole Proprietors and Managers.)
THIS EVENING, at 8.0, THE SILVER FALL. Mr. William Terriss; Messrs. C. Cartwright, I. Jay, Lonsdale, J. L. Shine, Royce Carleton, Bruce Norman, J. Carne, C. Eaton, James East, H. Rowe; Mesdames Millward, O. Nethersole, G. Faucit, A. Dairolles, and Clara Jecks. At 7.15, Venus. MORNING PERFORMANCE SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.0.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.
(Mr. Thomas Thorne, Sole Proprietor and Manager.)
THIS EVENING, at 8.30, JOSEPH'S SWEETHEART. 250th Time. Preceded at 7.45 by THE BROTHERS. Mr. Thomas Thorne; Messrs. [illegible] Rignold, Fred Thorne, Cyril Maude, J. S. Blythe, Scott Buist, F. Grove, Frank Gillmore, [illegible] Mr. H. B. Conway; Mesdames Gladys Homfrey, M. A. Gildard, Bondier, B. Harrison, Amber, [illegible] McNeill, Bowman, Adiercion, Saunders, and Winifred Emery. MATINÉE SATURDAY NEXT at 2.30.

GAIETY THEATRE.
THIS EVENING, at 7.30, FIRST MATE. At 9.0, FAUST UP TO DATE. Miss Florence St. John, Miss Violet Cameron, Miss [illegible] Illington, Miss Fanny Robina, Miss Irene McNulty, Miss Lil ian Price, Miss M. Jones, Miss F. Leicey, Miss A. Young, Miss E. Greville, Miss M. Love, Mr. E. J. Lonnen, Mr. H. Nicholls, Mr. Charles Ross, Mr. L. Huslem, and Mr. George Stone.

TERRY'S THEATRE.
(Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Edward Terry.)
The safest Theatre in London, constructed entirely with steel and iron absolutely fireproof, lighted throughout with electricity.
TO-NIGHT, at 8.30, A. W. Pinero's New and Original Act Domestic Drama, SWEET LAVENDER. 200th Time. Messrs. Edward Terry, Alfred Bishop, Brandon Thomas, F. Kerr, H. Reeves-Smith, Saul Matthews, Percy Cross; Mesdames M. A. Victor, Carlotta Addison, Maude Millett, and Blanche Horsley. Doors open at 8. Carriages 11. MATINÉE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30. Seats at the Libraries and Box-office open from 10 to 5. Telephone 2,702.

GLOBE THEATRE.
(Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Richard Mansfield.)
PRINCE KARL.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.45, PRINCE KARL. Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD, Mr. Barnes, Mr. Crompton, Mr. Henry Greenbank, Mr. Frankau, Mr. Vivian, &c.; Madame Carlotta Le Clercq, Miss Mary Whitty, Miss Sidney, and Miss Beatrice Cameron. Preceded, at 8, by EDITHA'S BURGLAR. Miss Lily Bouverie, Mr. D. H. Harkins, and Mr. Lionel Brough. Box office open daily 10 to 5. Doors open 7.30.

STRAND THEATRE.
(Under the management of Mr. H. H. Hawtrey.)
By arrangement with Mr. Wilson Barrett.)
TO-NIGHT will be performed, a Burlesque in Three Acts, entitled ATALANTA, at 9 o'clock. Mr. Frank Wyatt, Mr. Fred Squire, Mr. W. F. Hawtrey, and Mr. Willie Warde; Miss Muriel Aubrey, Miss Charlotte Berrian, Misses S. and G. Byron, and Miss Marie Linden. Preceded, at 8.30, by A HIGHLAND LEGACY, by Mr. Brandon Thomas. MATINÉE SATURDAY NEXT, at 2 o'clock. Box-office open from Ten to Five.

COURT THEATRE.
(Proprietors, Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Arthur Chudleigh.)
(Under the management of Mr. John Wood.)
EVERY EVENING, at 8.0 (by arrangement with Dr. John Hare), LES SURPRISES DU DIVORCE, adapted by Sydney Grundy, and called MAMMA, 200th Performance. Preceded at 7.30 by BOX AND COX. Doors open 7.30. Box-office open 10 to 10. Telephone 3,031. EVERY AFTERNOON, at 2.30, LITTLE GOODY TWO SHOES.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE, Shaftesbury Avenue.
(Proprietor, Mr. John Lancaster.)
THIS EVENING, at 7.30, A HUSBAND IN CLOVER. At 8.15, THE LADY OF LYONS. Miss Wallis, Messrs. Roberts, Erskine, H. Leigh, Arthur Rose, Lambalie, Messrs. Arthur Stirling, Eaton Rae, Allen Thomas, Matthew Brodie, Charles Arnold, Herberte Basing, George Seldon, &c. and Forbes Robertson.

LYRIC THEATRE.
(Sole Proprietor and Manager, Henry J. Leslie.)
TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, DOROTHY, 850th Performance. Mesdames Marie Tempest, Florence Perry, H. Coveney, F. Neville, and Amy Augarde; Messrs. Ben Davies, Furneaux Cook, Arthur Williams, J. le Hay, S. King, and C. Hayden Coffin. At 7.30, WARRANTED BURGLAR PROOF. MATINÉE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30.

AVENUE THEATRE.
(Manager, Mr. H. Paulton.)
TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, NADGY, Christmas Edition, by Chassaigne and Murray's New Comic Opera. New Songs, New Dances, New Dresses. Miss Nadgy Nixon, Mrs. Arthur Roberts, and powerful company in Chorus and Orchestra of 100, conducted by Edith Crook. Preceded at 7.30 by [illegible]. Doors open at 7.15. Box-office open daily from 10 to 5 o'clock. Telephone 3,541. MORNING PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW and EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2 o'clock. Children half-price. [illegible] Patterson, Acting Manager.

JODRELL THEATRE, Great Queen-street, Long-acre, W.C.
Sole Lessee ..... Mrs. Churchill Jodrell.
Manager ..... Colonel B. J. Sargent.
TO-NIGHT, at 8.30, SIXTH APPEARANCE in London of PATTI ROSA, American Soubrette, in a new play, entitled "TOB." Box-office open daily 10 to 5.

LOOKING OUT THROUGH THE FOG.

THE New Year is the centenary of the French Revolution. It is difficult to believe that this fact will not colour the history of the twelve months on which we have just entered. It is true that we witnessed no revival of Elizabethan heroism on the tercentenary of the Armada, nor did Protestant enthusiasm flame heaven high on the bicentenary of the Glorious Revolution. But we English are not so susceptible as our excitable neighbours to the influence of historical anniversaries. The defeat of the Armada and the arrival of WILLIAM of ORANGE are events of ancient history compared with the memorable events which began with the summoning of the States-General on January 24, 1789. Neither can Spanish navies and Dutch deliverers be conjured up to grace an anniversary, while a French revolution is always on hand to be produced when required. Hence there is considerably more reason for expecting trouble in France than might be imagined from English precedents.

General BOULANGER is to test the electorate of Paris on the 27th inst. Hitherto it has been said that there are only two forces in France—Paris and the army, neither of which has shown that they were Boulangist. If Paris goes for the Man of Destiny the fate of the Republic may be regarded as sealed. Of course General BOULANGER does not profess any hostility to the Republic. The Roman Empire, when it was established, strictly observed all Republican forms. General BOULANGER will probably follow the well-worn precedent. So long as he wields supreme power it does not matter very much to him how his sceptre is labelled. At first it is probable that he will represent his accession as a fresh guarantee for peace and order. The Great Exhibition which is to celebrate the Centennial will be held all the more successfully because there is a strong soldier at the top who will answer for order, and who is ready, if need be, to treat the rabble to a whiff of grape-shot, with which the first NAPOLEON emphasized his determination to be master in his own capital. General BOULANGER will have an easier task should he come to the top than that which confronted his Imperial prototype. The "red fool-fury of the Seine" is no longer in such a violent state of effervescence as it was when the dreams generated by the French Revolution first heated the brains and fevered the blood of France. There has been a great disillusionment, and few of all those who will this year celebrate the Revolution would admit even to themselves that they honestly expected that the revolutionary movement would inaugurate the millennium. The millenarian visions are at present not political but social, and the new revolutionists regard all changes in political machinery as little more than waste of time. Whether the New Year will bring a social revolution in France is doubtful. France is not hungry enough. The first French Revolution would never have taken place if there had been more to eat in France in 1788 and 1789. Hunger is in all lands and at all times the great earthquake-motor of constitutional systems, and the French are too comfortable, as a whole, to make any serious disturbance this year. So, at least, it seems to us, looking at the Republic from the outside.

Speculating on the course which affairs will take in France is very much as if we were guessing the direction of a railway train which steams into Clapham Junction in a fog. Out of the dark behind hurtles the firebreathing monster, with its long train of cars, and out into the dark beyond it goes, with salutes of fog signals and screaming of whistles, but whitherwards no one save those who know how the rails lie can possibly divine. In France no one ever knows how the rails lie. In England we are not quite in such a land of the unbeknown. As things have been with us so they are likely to be—with variations. Our first duty in view of the possible development of trouble in Paris is to strengthen our fleet and be ready for all contingencies. This is the first Imperial duty of the New Year, and one which we are glad to believe Lord SALISBURY has fully recognized at last. In our domestic affairs, the first question is the election of the new County Councils. For the first time the principle of representative government is being applied to the administration of our counties, and we are very curious as to the result. At present only two things are visible. The first is that the polls in London are not likely to be heavy, and the second that unless we look out the publicans will secure a majority on the Council. The note of alarm has already been sounded by the *Morning Advertiser*, and we shall see before long the burly form of Boniface superseding the country squire as the presiding genius of our rural administration. That is not a consummation devoutly to be wished. It is on the contrary most devoutly to be deprecated. But unless the public display more public spirit, the publican seems likely to have everything his own way.

The pressure of the social question in this country depends chiefly upon the state of trade and the yield of the harvest. We are not pinched to the striking point, and we may fairly hope that we shall have breathing space given us in which to adjust our social system to the necessities of the altered time. The Lord Mayor, we are glad to know, is anxious to distinguish his mayoralty by setting on foot some practical scheme for bringing together the land and the people. In that direction probably lies the best hope for the New Year.

SPIRITUALISM UNMASKED.

BY PROFESSOR T. H. HUXLEY, F.R.S.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 20th December contains a quotation from a Chicago newspaper, in which not only is it stated that I have taken part in "a series of experiments, chiefly with the medium Home," but it is pretty plainly suggested that I am disposed to judge what is called "Spiritualism" more or less favourably.

The statement and the suggestion are alike erroneous. I never met with the medium Home, and my knowledge of him, derived from the reports of the proceedings of courts of justice, is not such as to lead me to regret that circumstance. But I have had to do with certain other "mediums" of hardly inferior notoriety; and my deliberate judgment is that they were, each and all, utter impostors; and, with one exception, not even clever at their shameful trade.

I have always refused to have anything to do with spiritualistic experiments, unless they were to be carried out in a house belonging to some one whom I could trust; and unless I knew enough of the persons who were to be present to be sure that they would not play the part of confederates of the medium, at any rate consciously. If I ever undertook such an inquiry again, I should, further, insist on the presence of a shorthand writer with a watch, whose business it should be to note down everything that was said and done, verbatim and in exact order. Any one who has had experience of spiritualistic proceedings and of the extraordinary discrepancies of testimony between the cool heads and the hot heads, as to the simplest matter of fact, will, I think, see the importance of this stipulation. I once sat at a table which was to be moved by the "spirits." There was a tall lamp in the middle of the table; and while the "spirits" were being invoked, I noted that the globe of the lamp covered a particular pattern of the wall paper, so long as I kept my head in a certain position. Suddenly the medium said, "There! did you see the table move?" There was a general cry of wondering assent. But it was the old story of the Northumberland House lion in a new shape. As a matter of fact, the globe of the lamp had remained exactly on (as a sailor would say) with the pattern all the time. I pointed out this little difficulty, and by dint of persistence got an admission that there was some doubt about the case even from the medium. If the paper had been plain I should have been beaten by an overwhelming balance of testimony.

The oldest in date of my spiritualistic experiences goes back about five-and-thirty years. It took place at the house of a relative of mine, and the "medium" was a pleasant, intelligent, and well-mannered woman, a native of the United States, whom I will call Mrs. X. The chief performance was the usual pencil and alphabet business, and operations commenced with me as scientific witness and doubter general. The ease and rapidity with which that quiet transatlantic lady fooled me was, as she herself might have said, a caution. The name of the dead friend of whom I was thinking, was spelt out in no time, and I was left morally agape, while Mrs. X. followed up her victory, and made one after another of the company a still easier prey. However, as soon as I could pull myself together, I watched the proceedings somewhat narrowly. I noted that the medium's success was by no means uniform; and in the case of one of

1888 ABROAD.

LATE last night, when the rest of the family had left the house for a Watch-night service, I was alone in my study sitting before the fire, when I fell a-thinking over the Old Year that was about to pass. And as I was a-thinking I suppose I must have fallen into a doze, for when I looked up I was no longer alone. A benevolent-looking old gentleman, with a mourning band around his arm, and a look of bright intelligence in his eyes, was standing before me. He introduced himself without any ceremony, and, stretching out his hand, remarked cheerfully: "I am the Old Year. I have just looked in to bid you good-bye before I go." "Good-bye," said I; "but before you go, will you not tell me what you think of it all?" "No," said he; "I will tell you nothing, but if you like you can look for yourself and see!" As he spoke the walls of the study seemed to disappear, and we stood in the glades of a wood. And I looked, and, lo! the very crown of the wood, the mightiest of the forest trees, was laid low, leaving a gaping void in the wood; and side by side with the trunk of the stately tree lay another which before its fall had been higher than all the trees that surrounded it. It had grown up in the shade of the first; it had but survived its fall by a hundred days. And the emptiness of the void was made more apparent by the attempt that had been made to fill it. A small and stunted sapling, whose branches rattled in the wind, as if they wished to make up in sound what they lacked in substance, stood in the place of the fallen monarchs. My guest touched the black border on his arm, and sighed. "That," said he, "is Germany."

As he spoke the scene dissolved before my eyes, and in place of the German forest, with its fragrant pines and sturdy oaks, I saw only a vast morass. Slimy it was and foul and flat, and in the mire wriggled creeping things innumerable. And I noticed on looking more closely that the morass was made up of the debris of thrones, and empires, and Constitutions, and religions, and in the midst of the general wreck and ruin groups of pigmies were in vain attempting to find a stable footing. No sooner had one group formed to establish itself than the all-pervading corruption undermined its foothold and it disappeared. Those whom Corruption could not upset, the green-eyed snake Envy pulled down into the quaking bog that swallowed everything and produced nothing. And as I looked something like a cocked hat appeared above the mire, and towards it swarmed a multitude of the pigmies from north and south and east and west. And the cocked hat grew

higher and higher, until something like the features of a man could be seen beneath the plume. Then the quagmire was shaken with a strange commotion: the green-eyed snake wound itself around him and pulled him back, and his hat fell off, and the frogs, the heralds of the morass, proclaimed that we should see him no more. But the pigmies rallied to his aid, and, making a platform of their own bodies, helped the prostrate man to rise, and then he was seen to be taller and more powerful than before, until his shadow fell across the whole plain, and his figure seemed to obscure the sun. "There," said the Old Year, "is the French Republic and its master."

Hardly had he said these words when I saw as it were a mighty multitude of men playing at King of the Castle. The castle was occupied by a stolid, stodgy, stout person; while the attack was led by a white-haired veteran, who carried the rival claimant in his arms. Backward and forward swayed the fight: ugly rushes were made—now in this direction, then in that; the air was thick with hurtling missiles and dark with volleys of printer's ink, deftly flung by men who had a scissors and gumpot as their insignia, and had as weapons reservoir pens capable of deluging an opponent with ink. And what amused me not a little was to see the use both factions made of the British lion, which lay half asleep before the castle. To gain the top-

most step they used his tail as a patent hoist. By twisting it hard enough, they generated sufficient recoil to jerk their champion to the summit, which was labelled White House. At last, suddenly, the great shindy came to a sudden stop, the lion's tail was left limp and untouched, the stout, stodgy man was toppled over, and the white-haired veteran triumphantly installed his candidate in the White House, and every one set to work to wash off the ink with which the knights of scissors and gumpot had plentifully bespattered them. "Behold," said my companion, "the Presidential Election in the United States!"

It suddenly grew dark. A horror of great darkness took possession of me. In the midst of the gloom I saw the fierce darting jets of flame of the rifle and heard the roar of artillery. And through the blackness so

my friends, who enjoyed a well deserved reputation for outward impassibility, she failed altogether. So when Mrs. X had made the round of the table I asked for another trial, and this time the failure was total and complete. The only difference in the conditions, however, was that, on the second occasion, I had my nerves and muscles under strict control, and took care that my pencil should pass along the letters of the alphabet as impartially as the hand of a watch over the figures on the dial. I have no doubt that, on the first trial, I had, quite unwittingly, rested longer on the letters which interested me, from forming part of the name which I had in my mind. Whatever the nature of the distinction, and however slight it may have been, it was quite enough for the keen eyes of Mrs. X., sharpened as they were by incessant training.

But the interpretation of the signs unconsciously given by the investigator is only one-half of the medium's work. The other is to notify that interpretation by the "raps." Mrs. X.'s "spirits" did their work admirably. The raps were loud and abundant, and the company declared that they came from all parts of the room; indeed, there were some who maintained their persistence in the house for days afterwards. At any rate, the suggestion that the particularly quiet woman, who sat easily talking at the head of the table, could be all the while making these wonderful noises seemed at first sight outrageous. Drive it away as I would, however, the suspicion, the offspring, no doubt, of a basely materialistic philosophy, kept coming back—took shape as a theory, and finally, by dint of patience and perseverance, embodied itself in practice. From that time forth I became the master of two spirits quite as efficient as those of Mrs. X., and I verily believe of the same nature. My 'delicate Ariels' reside in the second toe of each foot. The method of evocation is simplicity itself. I have merely to bend the toe and then suddenly straighten it; the result is a sharp rap on the sole of my shoe, which by practice may be repeated very rapidly, and rendered forte or piano at pleasure. To produce the best effect, it is advisable to have thin socks and a roomy, hard-soled boot; moreover, it is well to pick out a thin place in the carpet, so as to profit by the resonance of the floor. The upper leather of the boot should be kid rather than patent, as a bright surface may betray a slight movement. By skilful modification of the force of the blows and conversational misdirection of people's attention (by the methods familiar to conjurors and ventriloquists) the ordinary intelligent and well educated member of society—who is about as competent to deal with these matters as a London street-boy with a dairy farm—may be made to believe anything as to the direction of the sounds. So long as no one is allowed to touch the foot of the operator detection is impossible. When I was in good practice I could stand talking on a well-lighted floor, while the bystanders, who knew that I caused the raps, could not divine how they were produced. And, at one time, I got so much into the habit of rapping that I used to catch myself doing it involuntarily, as a man in a brown study may rap with his fingers.

But my particular black art is by no means the only effectual method of raising spirits. Some years after Mrs. X.'s performance I happened to dine at the Castle in Dublin. After dinner, Lord Carlisle, who held the Viceregal office at that time, turned the conversation on Spiritualism; and I showed off the prowess of my familiars. But a young aide-de-camp who was present completely outshone me. His "raps," as he stood on the hearthrug, were like the cracks of a small whip. He told me they were produced by "slipping a tendon" behind the outer ankle; but, as I could not examine the operation closely, I confess I was not much wiser for the explanation. The important point is that his method would have been still more difficult of detection—especially in a feminine medium—than mine.

I learned something else which interested me that evening. One of the guests confided to me that, some time before, he had met Mrs. X. at a country house. In the course of a séance, my informant was told that the spirit of his deceased sister Mary desired to communicate with him, and, with gravity befitting the circumstances, he took his share in the interesting, and indeed touching, conversation which followed. At the end of the séance the company broke up into groups. Mrs. X. and my friend happened to stroll away from the rest towards a bay window, whereupon this brief but pregnant dialogue took place:—She: Did you ever have a sister Mary? He: No. She: I thought not.

Any one could discern, on very short acquaintance, that my friend was a kindhearted, chivalrous gentleman; but it is not everybody who would have perceived so shrewdly that Irish wit had, for once, been too much for Yankee 'cuteness; and that the only chance for the culprit was to throw herself on the mercy of the court. Fraud is often genius out of place, and I confess that I have never been able to get over a certain sneaking admiration for Mrs. X. But as to the other two media whom I have tried and found wanting, they were merely male and female specimens of the Sludge family—wholly contemptible, clumsy creatures, with no faculty save boundless impudence.

I cannot but think that the place of your intelligence from Chicago would have been much better occupied by an account of my friend Mr. Moncure Conway's article "The Spiritualist's Confession," in the *Open Court* for November 8, 1888. On the 21st of last October (according to Mr. Conway) the two women Fox, the coryphées of modern spiritualism, made public confession of the fact that they are a pair of impostors; who, from the time they commenced their operations, forty years ago, have been humbugging the enormous flock of geese which has followed and fed them. One of these appropriately-named damsels is stated to have had the cool audacity to ask pardon not *of* but "*for* those who have opened their hearts to the silly imposture;" to plead in extenuation that she had done her best to limit the number of the fooled by charging high prices; and to declare that she took this course by the advice of her confessor.

Mr. Conway observes that modern "spiritualism," though not half a century old, has gained more converts in that time than Christianity did in the first three centuries of its existence. It may, I believe, be as safely said that the older form of the same fundamental delusion—the belief in possession and in witchcraft—gave rise in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries to persecutions by Christians of innocent men, women, and children, more extensive, more cruel, and more murderous than any to which the Christians of the first three centuries were subjected by the authorities of pagan Rome.

Yet these centuries cover the period of the Renascence and the Reformation. And when I am told that certain of my contemporaries, justly esteemed in science or in literature, believe in spiritualism, I can but reflect that certain other persons of that day, most unquestionably not in any respect less worthy of consideration, believed in witchcraft and demoniacal possession. Kepler had faith in astrology; Descartes made a pilgrimage to Loretto; all the learning and acuteness of Henry More did not prevent him from enthusiastically backing another very acute and accomplished person, Glanvil, in his battle for the truth of the silly story about the "Dæmon of Tedworth"—as silly a story as any to be found in the records of "spiritualism." If I decline not only to believe in astrology on the authority of Kepler; in the genuineness of the Palestinian house which flew to Loretto, on that of Descartes; in the Dæmon of Tedworth, on that of Glanvil and More; but even to allow that the favourable opinion of these eminent men makes out a *primâ facie* case for these beliefs—it does not seem to me that I am wanting in due respect to Messrs. A., B., and C., who are surely not the superiors of Kepler, Descartes, and More, if, for the same reasons, I attach no greater weight to their authority, *in pari materia*.

No one deserves much blame for being deceived in these matters. We are all intellectually handicapped in youth by the incessant repetition of the stories about possession and witchcraft in both the Old and the New Testaments. The majority of us are taught nothing which will help us to observe accurately and to interpret observations with due caution. Very few of us have the least conception how much more difficult it is to make such observations and interpretations in a room full of people, stirred by the expectation of the marvellous, than in the calm seclusion of a laboratory or the solitude of a tropical forest. And one who has not tried it cannot imagine the strain of the mind involved in sitting for an hour or two in a dark room, on the watch for the dodges of a wary "medium." A man may be an excellent naturalist or chemist; and yet make a very poor detective. But, in these investigations, those who know are aware that the qualities of the detective are far more useful than those of the philosopher.

I had no intention when I sat down to write so long a letter. But I have for many years watched, not without anxiety, the recrudescence in our times, and under respectable sanction, of that belief in man's power of evoking spirits from which the basest and cruellest superstitions of bygone ages logically enough took their origin; and perhaps the expression of my views may be of use, at least to those who have not yet toppled over the edge of common-sense into the spiritualistic puddle. Those who have seem to be past praying for.

Occasional Notes.

It will be seen from a telegram from Mr. Gladstone which we publish elsewhere that he disclaims the accuracy of the proposal imputed to him for reopening the Roman question. His telegram is so abbreviated as to be somewhat obscure, but it is clear that he does not assent to the inferences which have been drawn from his letter. It has been retranslated, he says, and the statement is incorrect under the present circumstances. Thus falls to the ground a castle in the air which seemed likely at one time to assume colossal dimensions.

The news brought to Suakin yesterday by a Greek from Khartoum encourages the hope that the report brought by Osman Digna of the capture of Emin was a hoax. The Greek left Khartoum two months since, and at that time the story was current in the Mahdist capital that Emin had beaten back two expeditions, and was in future to be left severely alone. This is good news for New Year's Day. If it is true, we may expect before long to hear that Stanley and Emin are both safe and well.

The New Year opens with a prospect of the reopening of the Morocco question. Our special correspondent at Tangiers two years ago set forth the facts of the case on the best authority, and with a detail the accuracy of which has never been challenged. The *Morning Post* special correspondent has subsequently written at length on the same theme, and now it is announced that the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs is about to support energetically the desire of the Sultan for a Conference to redress the abuses of Consular protection, and to revise the Convention of 1880. If Spain really does take this lead, she will be strongly supported by the British Government, whose representative at Tangiers is fully convinced of the evils of the present system.

General Grenfell contradicts, in a communication to the correspondents at Suakin, the statement published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* as to the peace mission of Brewster Bey when Major Watson was commanding at Suakin. We can only say that the statement which we published was furnished by a personal friend of Brewster Bey. We cannot attempt to reconcile the discrepancy between what Brewster Bey said in 1887 and what he said in 1888; but we shall send round to the "Suakin resident" from whom we had the information, and publish his statement with as little delay as possible.

The fog last night was something hideous, and it is not much better this morning. All trains were late, carriage traffic suspended, and the oppression on the chest of London something cruel. The problem of carrying on life, and the busy life, of this great capital under such conditions would have seemed insoluble except to those who see the miracle performed. For although the rush is somewhat slower it still goes on. The trains are late, but they run; the chest labours heavily, but we still breathe. Whether life would be long worth living under such conditions is, however, somewhat doubtful.

Augustus Druriolanus has issued his address to the electors of the Strand as a candidate for the County Council. We are very glad to hear it. Nothing is more desirable than that representatives of all the largest London interests should be on the London Council, and unquestionably the theatre is one of the largest interests of all. We should not be surprised if other lessees and managers were to follow Mr. Harris's lead. They must have a natural fondness for being behind the scenes, and it would be obviously to their advantage to be their own overseers.

Can one magistrate be guilty of contempt of court towards another? And if so, ought not Mr. Cecil Roche to be promptly summoned before Sir James Hannen as soon as the Parnell Commission resumes? Here is the passage in Mr. Roche's sentence upon Mr. Edward Harrington wherein the contempt of court occurs:—

> He acted thus in a county like Kerry, which had been disgraced by some very dreadful and awful crimes.

"Acted thus" means "attended a meeting of the National League"—the "crime" for which Mr. Harrington has now been condemned to six months' hard labour; and Mr. Roche's implication is obvious; the National League, he meant to say, was the cause of "dreadful and awful crimes." But this is precisely the issue which Sir James Hannen has to try. Mr. Roche's contention is stoutly denied by one of the parties to that trial: crime is strong in Kerry, we Parnellites say, just because the League is weak. What Mr. Roche said is no doubt the view of the *Times*; but is it not utterly indecent that a magistrate in one part of her Majesty's dominions should espouse from the bench one side in a case which another magistrate in another part of her dominions has been appointed to try?

"A Barrister" writes, in reference to our article, "Judges—Young and Old," on Saturday:—"Your correspondent does not, I think, make the most of his case, though none the less most people will consider his conclusion unwarranted by the facts. He says we have three (English) judges now on the bench between seventy and eighty years old. We have *five*—namely, Esher, M. R. (72); Field, J. (76); Huddleston, B. (72); Manisty, J. (80); and Hawkins, J. (73); and we have thirteen (not eleven) between sixty and seventy. Nevertheless, some of them have been a long time on the bench; and because 'three judges, in living memory, were appointed when nearly seventy years of age,' your correspondent has no right to conclude that 'nothing is done to remove' the old complaint. For the last twelve years the tendency in favour of appointing young judges has been very marked. Thesiger, L. J., was raised to the bench at thirty-nine, Holker, L. J., and Williams, J., both died young men, and of living judges Denman, J., was preferred at 52, Pollock, B., at 49, Coleridge, L. C. J., at 51, Lindley, L. J., at 46, Lopes, L. J., at 48, Fry, L. J., at 49, Stephen, J., at 49,

---

midnight, there seemed a lurid glow as of blood. And there was a clanking of a million chains and a wailing and a sobbing, not fierce or spasmodic, but steady and constant, like the ripple of the wave on the ocean shore. And slowly, as my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I saw the Dark Continent fringed with fire, and within the wasting cancer of the slave trade. Still I gazed, and at last I could dimly discern in the very heart of the blackest gloom a faint flickering light, that gleamed from the topmost turret of a beleaguered castle. And as I looked, straining my ears, I heard the far away cry for help. And for a time no help came. But at last I was conscious of a brave knight who, plunging through all obstacles, rode at risk of his life across the wilderness, and at last reached the signal tower. A great light shot up to the sky, in token of his success. "I am glad," said my companion, "to have news that Stanley has reached Emin before I had to go, but they ran it very close."

Hardly had my eyes, dazzled with the glare of the signal fire that told of Stanley's success, recovered their sight when I saw what stirred my soul within me to indignation. A swineherd, rough and foul, was driving away with oaths and blows a beautiful but distressful damsel who had been entrusted to his care, and who as his lawful wife had borne him an only son. As he wrenched the boy from her arms and spurned her with his foot, and turned to renew his dalliance with a wench more suited to his grosser taste, I saw with horror a prelate in the full canonicals of the Orthodox Church stand by and bestow upon the licentious and brutal ruffian the blessing of the Church. "He is still king in Servia," said the Old Year, with a sigh. "I had hoped to have seen him out. But you will not have long to wait."

Once more the scene changed. In the midst of a great plain stood a veiled figure. The veil was large enough to shroud the figure completely from head to foot. Upon this veil every idle passer-by had inscribed what he pleased. All calumnies that evil thoughts and malice could suggest were inscribed upon it, and people feared and wondered. Suddenly the crash of a great accident startled me, and a railway engine at full speed plunged off the rails, threatening this great veiled figure with immi-

nent destruction. But fortunately it only caught the veil, tore off its pictured lies, and revealed to the admiration of the world an Emperor with the heart of a woman for tenderness, the soul of a hero for high courage and steadfast will, who was at once the keeper of the peace of Europe and the tribune of his people.

"The truth at last," said the Old Year. "It was a great deliverance, but the gain was worth the danger."

(To be continued.)

AUGURIES OF EIGHTY-NINE.

"Say, prophet, in the book of Fate,
Whose lore thou canst divine,
What seest thou after eighty-eight?"
He answers, "Eighty-nine."

"Nay, master, 'tis not jests we lack,
But prithee tell us true,
If Salisbury call his neighbour black"—
"He shall himself look blue."

"Then London's poor, who live devoid
Of living's least enjoyment,
Say, what of these, the unemployed?"—
"They'll give Monro employment."

"And Jack the Ripper, elbow-red,
Plies still his grim vocation;
How long?"—"Until he leaves no shred
Of Matthews' reputation."

"Shall Balfour set a lanky heel
On Ireland's neck so stout?"
He laughs aloud: "Of that I feel
Much philosophic doubt."

"And what of the Dissentient school;
Where will those sages be,
As more and more they quit Home Rule?"
"Why, more and more at sea!"

"Dost thou forebode an end to all
Coercion's fruitless crimes?"
"The times draw near when there shall fall
A judgment on the *Times*."

"Thy speech is all too dark and short,
Make plain the purport of it."
"Nay, that would be contempt of court
As sure as I'm a prophet!"

"At least assist us to divine
These mysteries of Fate;
What is the key to eighty-nine?"
He answers, "Eighty-eight."

S.

THE CRADLEY HEATH CHAIN SLAVES.

"The Nail and Chainmakers" is the title of a useful pamphlet on the above subject. Mr. Cuninghame Graham contributes to it a powerful "Plea" Mr. Conybeare registers an indignant "Protest" against the conduct of a member for Dudley; and Mr. J. L. Mahon details a practical "Proposal" for reorganizing the chain and nail making industry. A committee has been formed to agitate this question and demand legislation. Help, both personal and pecuniary, is greatly needed. Subscriptions may be sent to Mr. C. V. Conybeare, M.P., Queen Anne's Mansions, London, S.W., and other communications to Mr. J. L. Mahon, 51, Redford-row, London, W.C., from whom copies of the pamphlet (at low rates for distribution) may be obtained.

Bowen, L. J., at 43, Mathew, J., at 51, Chitty, J., at 52, North, J., at 49, Butt, J., at 52, Smith, J., at 47, Grantham, J., at 51, Stirling, J., at 50, and Charles, J., at 48. Surely it is not so bad to have nine judges at once, of whom all were placed on the bench when on the right side of fifty. We may hope that these judges will all retire before seventy. The more aged class used to hang on because they had not earned their pensions by that age."

All English Alpinists will be sorry to learn that the families of the two Swiss guides who perished in the Caucasus, Streich and Fischer, cannot obtain the guaranteed sums for which the two men had insured their lives. The Unfallversicherungs-Gesellschaft of Zurich, it seems, refuses payment upon the ground that the accident to the two men did not occur in Switzerland, but in a foreign land. The case has been taken up by the Oberland Section of the Swiss Alpine Club, which has instructed Dr. Michel of Interlaken to bring an action against the company. Streich leaves a wife and four children, the eldest of whom is only four years old. He had a great reputation as a guide, and was never without a full list of engagements during the holiday climbing season. Fischer was the son of the well-known Peter Fischer, who was killed on Mont Blanc thirteen years ago. The English Alpine Club provided a competent maintenance for Peter Fischer's children.

Dr. F. J. Furnivall writes to us as follows, under Saturday's date :—

In your pleasant Literary Notes to-day, you ask "Could not the Shelley Society manage to do us all a benefit by procuring or providing a reprint of Hogg's book?" To this I answer that the Shelley Society can and will gladly do this, or what is better, if only the *Pall Mall*—or X. Y. Z., with his interesting Notes, will get the Society some money, say £50, or fifty new members. The truth is, that for many months past the Society has had in stereotype Hogg's magazine articles of 1832-3 when his impressions of Shelley were fresh. These articles are far more valuable than Hogg's later *Life of Shelley*; but the Shelley Society lacks money to bring the articles out. The performance of *The Cenci* brought us, in our first year, a number of members who cared but little for Shelley as a poet. We mistook them for real Shelleyites, counted on their continuous support, and spent far more money in our first year than we ought to have done, especially over that most unfortunate musical performance of the *Hellas*. But when our theatre-going members found that they were to have no more *Cenci* 150 of them dropt off, and left the rest of us, with a much reduced income, to struggle along. We much want to issue the Hogg articles next year, but unless we get fresh donations or subscriptions we shall not be able to do it. If your Contributor will but use his influence among his friends and readers to help us, we will give him and all our members the Hogg articles, Mr. Wise's valuable List of *Shelleyana*, and lots of other good things. Every Shelley lover ought to come forward and back the society, and a dozen of the rich ones ought to send us £50 apiece for a gift-book to their fellow-members.

EDNA LYALL AT HOME.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE AUTHORESS OF "DONOVAN."

IN a cosy little study at the top of a pretty parsonage in Eastbourne we found Edna Lyall—whom her acquaintances address as Miss Bayly—busily type-writing another novel "with a purpose." There is probably no one of the younger school of successful writers of whom so little is known personally, and as during the past few weeks rumour has told one or two fibs respecting the lady, she readily embraced the opportunity of confronting the canards with facts.

"EDNA LYALL."

"I felt obliged to expose that impostor in Ceylon," she remarked. "I have lived at Eastbourne four years, and have written here 'In the Golden Days,' 'Knight Errant,' that little sketch called 'The Autobiography of a Slander,' and the work which is first to appear in *Good Words*.' Before that time I was living at Lincoln."

"Was Lincoln the 'Ilchester' of 'Won by Waiting?'"—"I have been asked that question before," Edna Lyall replied. "No; I do not care to identify any particular places with the scenes in a book. I did, however, write 'Won by Waiting' at Lincoln; it was my first work."

"May I ask whether the characters of 'Donovan' and Raeburn, the agnostic leader in 'We Two,' were suggested by any living persons?"—"'Donovan' was my conception of a perfectly isolated man. 'We Two' was really suggested by a line which appeared in the *Daily News* about the time Mr. Bradlaugh was imprisoned in the Clock Tower: 'Mr. Bradlaugh has telegraphed for his daughter.' No doubt Raeburn is in many respects like Mr. Bradlaugh, though the character was not intended to be a portrait. Shortly after the publication of 'Donovan' I had entered into correspondence with Mr. Bradlaugh, as he had reviewed the work in the *National Reformer*. While 'We Two' was in progress I thought it well to see him, thinking I could form much truer impressions of the character of a secularist lecturer from conversation than from correspondence. An interview was arranged, and I learned much from it."

"Do you think the secularist movement is gaining ground?"—"I have scarcely any means of judging. It seemed to me to be making headway two or three years ago when the attacks were made upon Mr. Bradlaugh. Since then he has largely devoted himself to politics. I believe politics to be his rightful sphere, and one in which he is bound to attain to a high position. In 'We Two' I had simply in my mind a secularist leader."

"You believe in 'novels with a purpose' as they are called?"—"Yes; I think every novel should have a purpose, provided it is not too prominently thrust forward. In my other books I have gone on lines different from those of 'We Two' and 'Donovan,' but I trust there is a clear purpose running through each, but at the same time kept subordinate to the story. It is now generally admitted that the novel can be made a great means of good, and that thoughts may be more attractive when clothed in the garb of fiction."

"In what way were you inspired with the purpose of your first works? You are of a Church family, I presume?"—"It is very difficult, I think, to say how one's writings are influenced. Ever since I was ten years old I intended to write, but of course it was some time before I did anything worth publishing. All my family belong to the Church, and I was born and brought up in Brighton. My brother and my brother-in-law, with whom I am living, are clergymen, but my father and grandfather were barristers."

"Which of your works, do you think, have taken best?" we next inquired.—"The largest number of 'Donovan' has been sold. But 'Donovan' has, of course, been longer in the field, and if that is taken into account, 'Knight Errant' has been as successful. 'Donovan' at first was a dead failure. It only sold after the success of 'We Two.'

"Can you tell me anything of the way your works are written?"—"The conception of my central character comes before my plot. I then plan the circumstances in which his individuality can be brought out, and the minor characters by which he is to be surrounded. I write for two or three hours in the morning, but the time I take over my work varies. I am very fond of travelling, and then writing is difficult. 'Donovan' was partly written while travelling in Italy."

In the course of further conversation Edna Lyall said that the work she had just finished had some of its scenes in Norway, where she spent part of last summer. Girlish, gentle, and unassuming in her manners, Miss Lyall's character appeared to our contributor, at the end of the interview, to be in thorough keeping with her mission of love, charitable-toleration to the Philistine Christians of England.

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OLD BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

"LYRICS FROM ELIZABETHAN SONG-BOOKS."

WAS it not Charles Lamb who, whenever a new book came out, used to take down an old one? It is not every one who has the courage, in this novelty-loving age, to follow that counsel of wisdom; but, as a compromise between the two extremes, one may at least rejoice to turn sometimes from new books to new editions, or selections from old ones. Here, for instance, is a charming selection of lyrics (J. C. Nimmo), which Mr. Bullen has put together from the song-books of the Elizabethan age. There are some 200 pages, and on every page there is something nearly as dainty as this :—

> Thrice toss these oaken ashes in the air,
> Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chair,
> Then thrice-three times tie up this true love's knot,
> And murmur soft, "She will or she will not."

Truly, "whoever cannot feel the witchery of these lines is past praying for." Yet they were written, like the other exquisite things in the collection, in mere song-books, of which often no more than a single manuscript copy now exists. These lyrics were the Elizabethan counterpart, Mr. Bullen points out, of "the poor, thin, wretched stuff that one hears in drawing-rooms to-day." Why is it that music has been so entirely divorced from "immortal verse"?

"THE BOOKLOVER'S HANDBOOK."

Of the praise of books, as of the making of them, there is no end. So Mr. Alexander Ireland has found, for in a new edition of his "Booklover's Enchiridion" (Simpkin, Marshall) he has added extracts from more than forty authors hitherto unquoted. For terseness and point, St. Bernard's saying—now included for the first time—is the best of these new "best bits" (we cite it in Mr. Edward Butler's translation) :—

> Some there are, who desire to know, in order that they *may* know; and that is an ignoble quest: some, that they may be known; and that is ostentation: some, that they may make merchandise of their knowledge; and that is a base traffic: some, that they may help and edify others: and that is goodness: some, that they may be themselves edified; and that is wisdom.

That the new extracts should range from St. Bernard to a recent leading article in the *Times*, and from Sheridan to Mr. James Payn, shows with what infinite care Mr. Ireland has searched the byways as well as the highways to collect tribute for his "King's Treasury." But even now the book is not quite complete. Darwin's regretful retrospect should certainly have been quoted: "If I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once a week." And with it, Goethe's similar injunction (only with "once a day" substituted for "once a week") should have been given. By what strange freak of forgetfulness, too, is it that Matthew Arnold is nowhere cited? This at any rate from "Culture and Anarchy" should not be left out :—

> One must, I think, be struck more and more, the longer one lives, to find how much, in our present society, a man's life of each day depends for its solidity and value on whether he reads during that day, and far more still, on what he reads during it, &c.

"What he reads" is important, but so also is "how he reads;" and Mr. Ireland should not have omitted that much-needed caution of Voltaire's—"Only the unwise value every word in an author of repute." But perhaps the most curious omission of all is Mr. Browning. There is not so much as a line from even "The Grammarian's Funeral"—that noble poem of the scholar who

> Straight got by heart that book to its last page:
> Learned, we found him . . . .
> This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
> Dies ere he knows it.

And for the pathos of a "booklover" in real life, we should have liked to find Blake's consolation when publishers proved unkind: "Well, they are published Elsewhere and beautifully bound."

"THE CHILDREN OF THE POETS."

Of the "Canterbury Poets" series (Walter Scott), now being reissued in an enlarged and more handsome form, none was better conceived than "The Children of the Poets." Unfortunately, however, Mr. Eric Robertson's execution lagged far behind his idea; but we notice that several of the suggestions, made in these columns two years ago, have now been adopted by the editor. To mention a few of the most important only: the selection from Blake has been sensibly enlarged; Herrick has been requisitioned; and Whittier's "Little People" has been added. But a great deal more, both of weeding out, and putting in, is wanted before Mr. Robertson's book can take its place as a standard anthology of the child-poems of our literature. As a general rule Mr. Robertson gives ample recognition to American poets, but he certainly should have found room for Longfellow's lines beginning :—

> O little feet! that such long years
> Must wander on through hopes and fears . . . .

But above all we must plead for Mrs. Barrett Browning's "A Child's Grave in Florence"—a poem which, in spite of its occasional roughness of rhyme, is assuredly the prettiest of all her child-pieces. It is making the "Children of the Poets" too poor not to give the consolation that many a mother, besides her for whom they were written, has found in these lines :—

> Oh, my own baby on my knees,
> My leaping, dimpled treasure!
> At every word I write like these,
> Clasped close with stronger pressure.
>
> Too well my own heart understands—
> At every word beats fuller—
> My little feet, my little hands,
> And hair of Lily's colour. . . .
>
> Arms, empty of her child, she lifts
> With spirit unbereaven.—
> "God will not all take back His gifts;
> My Lily's mine in heaven.
>
> "Still mine! maternal rights serene
> Not given to another!
> The crystal bars shine faint between
> The souls of child and mother."

"DOROTHY OSBORNE" AND "NOTRE-DAME."

Finally we may notice amongst this set of "Old Books and New Editions" a reissue of the "Letters of Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple" (Griffith, Farran, and Co.), and an *édition de luxe* of Victor Hugo's "Notre-Dame de Paris," in English (Sampson Low). This latter is in two very handsome, and yet not unhandy, volumes, printed in America on that "satin-finish paper" with which the best American magazines have familiarized us. The illustrations—partly in colour, and partly in black and white—by Bieler, Rossi, and De Myrbach, are in the same "blottesque" style as that of the illustrations by the same artists to Dauder's work. Of "Dorothy Osborne" there is nothing to add to what we said when the book first came out. The letters are entirely delightful, and they are edited with exemplary diligence and good sense. "When a new book comes out, read an old one." It is a relief indeed to turn from the reminiscences of to-day, by those "who seize a hurrying pen to tell the world what they have done"—to these unstudied letters from Dorothy to her lover :—

> You had no thought or presage
> Into what keeping you dismissed
> Your simple old-word message!
>
> A reverent one. Though we to-day
> Distrust beliefs and powers,
> The artless, ageless things you say
> Are fresh as May's own flowers.

ON THE HIGH-TOWERED TOP-GEAR OF THE FASHIONABLE YOUNG LADIES OF THE PERIOD.

> Top not your heads with birds' wings sharp as scythes,
> Fair maids, or like the crest of irate cocks!
> Your topping should show flexile grace like withes
> And flowing as the volume of your locks.
> Who taught such style? not Nature, to the mould
> Of your fair form in all her actings true,
> But antic Fashion to crude fancies sold,
> And ever lusting after something new.
> Be wise, be true! God made you women, not tools
> Of every French dressmonger's modish freak,
> Dress has its rightful reasons, and its rules,
> Which each fair dame from her fair self must seek;
> A modest maid not with proud-perking lances,
> But with rich breadth of drooping plumes advances.
>
> JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

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January Number.

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To-Day and To-morrow.

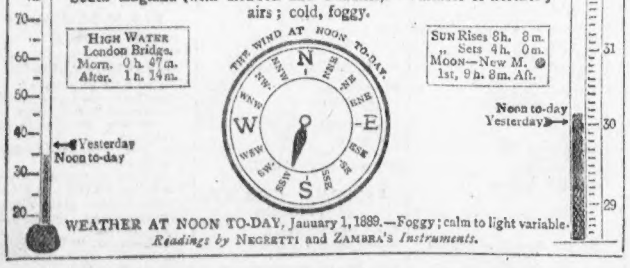
TO-DAY.

"Messiah"—Royal Choral Society, Albert Hall, 8.
London Hospital—Children's Christmas Tree, 2.
"Inebriety among the Higher Classes," by Dr. J. Stewart, 4—Society for the Study of Inebriety 11, Chandos-street.
County Council Election, Brixton Division—Meeting at St. John's Parochial Hall, Frederick-crescent Vassal-road, in support of Lady Sandhurst and Captain Verney, R.N., 8.
Vere Foster's National Competition—Exhibition of Work at Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, 10 to 6.
Annual Address to Positivists by Mr. Frederic Harrison, Newton Hall, Fetter-lane, 8.
Hockey—At Hounslow, 7.57, Regt. Dist. *v.* Teddington.
Hunting Appointments.—Her Majesty's Staghounds, Farnham-common, 11.30; Foxhounds—South Berks, Pack Horse, Mapledurham, 11; Cambridgeshire, Arden-green, 11; Crawley and Horsham, Summer's-place, 11.30; East Essex, Crouch Fair-green, 11; Essex and Suffolk, Donyland-heath 11; Essex Union, Upminster Bell, 11; Mr. Garth's, Bearwood Lodges, 11; Mr. Gosling's, Saffron Walden, 11; H. H., Hinton House, 11; West Kent, Stansted, 11; Pytchley (Woodland), Dingley, 11; Quorn, Nanpanton, 11; Vine, Long Parish, 11; Whaddon Chase, Padbury, 11.
Harriers.—Eastbourne, Westdean, 11.
Racing.—Manchester Meeting.
Football.—Blackburn: Glasgow Rangers *v.* Blackburn Rovers—Burnley: London Casuals *v.* Burnley—Bradford: The Maoris *v.* Bradford—Glasgow: Queen's Park *v.* Corinthians; Aston Villa *v.* Glasgow Rangers; Preston North End *v.* Glasgow Northern—Richmond: East Sheen *v.* Old Merchant Taylors'.
Exhibitions, &c., Open—Crystal Palace, from 10; Niagara in London, Westminster, from 10; Mdme. Tussaud's, Marylebone-road, from 9; Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, from 9; Winter Exhibition, Olympia, 11; World's Fair, Agricultural Hall, from 10; Alexandra Palace, from 10; Lambeth Polytechnic Industrial Exhibition, Ferndale-road, Brixton; Exhibition of Royal House of Stuart, at the New Gallery, Regent-street, W.
Polytechnic Industrial Exhibition, Regent-street.
Picture Exhibitions Open.—National Gallery, Trafalgar-square, 10 to 4; Doré Gallery, New Bond-street 10 to 6; Guildhall Art Gallery (free), from 10; Institute of Painters in Oil Colours Piccadilly, 10 to 5; Society of British Artists, Pall-mall, 10 to 6; Society of Painters in Water Colours, Pall-mall, 10 to 5; Black and White, St. Jude's School, Whitechapel; National Portraits Bethnal-green, from 10.
Public Libraries Open—British Museum Reading Room, from 9; Patent Office, Chancery-lane, 10 to 10; Parkes (Sanitary), Margaret-street, 10 to 5; Guildhall, City, 10 to 9; Chelsea, Town Hall, King's-road; Hampstead, High-street, from 11; St. Pancras, Camden-street; Westminster, Great Smith-street, from 9; Brompton, Clareville-grove, from 9; Notting-hill, from 11; Paddington, Warwick-road, from 9; Norwood, Knight's-hill; Bethnal-green, 10 to 10; Fulham, Fulham-road; Battersea, Lammas Hall, 10 to 9; Wandsworth, West-hill, from 9; People's Palace, Mile-end, from 7.30.
Museums Open—British, Bloomsbury, 10 to 4; Natural History, Kensington, 10 to 4; South Kensington, from 10; Patent, South Kensington, from 10; Bethnal-green, 10 to 10; United Service, Whitehall-yard, 11 to 4; Tower of London (free), 10 to 4; Practical Geology, Jermyn-street, 10 to 10; College of Surgeons, Lincoln's-inn-fields, from 12.
Companies Meetings.—Great Eastern Railway, Liverpool-street Station, 12.

TO-MORROW.

Jews' Free School—Presentation of Testimonial to Mr. M. Angel, Head Master at the School, Bell-lane, Spitalfields, 5.
Marriage Portion Society—Election Meeting at 4, Great Prescot-street, 8.
Lantern Night, Photographic Club—Anderton's Hotel, 8.
Vere Foster's National Competition—Exhibition of Work, Memorial Hall, 10 to 6.
The "Merry Wives of Windsor."—Matinée at the Haymarket Theatre.
City of London Police Festival, Cannon-street Hotel, 8.
National Society of Provincial Musicians.—Conference at Cambridge.
Football.—Isleworth: Old Internationals *v.* Marlborough Nomads—Newton Heath: Casuals (London) *v.* Newton Heath—Richmond: East Sheen *v.* Hailey bury Wanderers—Sheffield: Heart of Midlothian *v.* Sheffield Wednesday
Racing.—Manchester Meeting.
Hunting Appointments.—East Kent, Sellindge Lees, 11; West Norfolk, Houghton Hall, 11.30.

THERMOMETER. FORECAST ISSUED AT 11 A.M. TO-DAY. BAROMETER.
South England (with London and Channel).—Variable or northerly airs; cold, foggy.


HIGH WATER London Bridge. Morn. 0 h. 47 m. Aftr. 1 h. 14 m.
SUN Rises 8h. 8m. ,, Sets 4h. 0m. MOON—New M. 1st, 9 h. 8m. Aft.
THE WIND AT NOON TO-DAY.
N NNE NE ENE E ESE SE SSE S SSW SW WSW W WNW NW NNW
Yesterday Noon to-day
Noon to-day Yesterday
70 60 50 40 30 20
51 30 29

WEATHER AT NOON TO-DAY, January 1, 1889.—Foggy; calm to light variable.
Readings by NEGRETTI and ZAMBRA'S *Instruments.*

Mr. Augustus Harris, the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, has issued his address to the electors of the Strand division as a candidate for the London Council.

A Rochdale correspondent learns on inquiry this morning that Mr. Bright has passed another good night, having again slept for eight hours.

FOURTH EDITION.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE ROMAN QUESTION.

CONTRADICTION FROM MR. GLADSTONE.

SPECIAL TELEGRAM.

Yesterday we telegraphed to Mr. Gladstone at Naples as follows:—

Gladstone, Villa Posilippo, Naples.

Tablet states you recommend international arbitration Roman question. Please telegraph confirmation, contradiction, or explanation.—EDITOR *Pall Mall Gazette.*

Mr. Gladstone replied as follows:—

Pall Mall Gazette, London.

NAPLES, Jan. 1.

My letter is not new.
It is re-translated, and the version published is untrustworthy.
The statement is incorrect under the present circumstances.

GLADSTONE.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE H.A.C.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S REPLY.

The Central News understands that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has forwarded a communication in reply to the resolutions passed by the Court of Assistants of the Honourable Artillery Company in which they repudiated the idea that his Royal Highness's name was received with disrespectful cries at the general meeting of the Company, and asked for the name of the person who conveyed such information to the Prince.

His Royal Highness's communication referred to, expresses gratification at the repudiation contained in the resolution and the expressions of loyalty, but does not refer in any way to his informant.

This letter will be officially laid before a meeting of the Court of Assistants on the 14th inst.

At the same meeting Mr. Bosanquet will move for an inquiry into the charges against the regiment. The discussion is awaited with considerable interest.

REOPENING OF "WHITE'S" CLUB.

The erstwhile "White's" coffee-house of the early part of last century has been reopened to-day as one of the most comfortable and cosy clubs in London. The old billiard and smoking rooms have been thrown into one by converting the area which formerly existed between them into a handsome billiard hall with a fine skylight above. The entire building has been repainted, repapered, and decorated, the prevailing colour being in character with the name of the club—a dead "white." Handsome new furniture on old-fashioned models of the most comfortable pattern has been lavishly bestowed in every room, the walls of which are now hung with fine engravings and mezzotints of two hundred former members, and with a large number of original sketches by Gillray and Rowlandson. A new lavatory has also been added. The cellars—most necessary adjuncts to a "comfortable" club—have not been forgotten. From floor to ceiling their bins are filled with old port and claret, and over one thousand dozens of champagne, much of which, to quote the secretary, is worth its weight in gold. There are now five hundred members, and the object of the club is essentially social, neither the politics which made it renowned in the days of the old coffee-house, nor the gaming tables which gave it an unenviable reputation in the early part of the present century, are to take part in the popularity which the new "White's" seeks to attain.

THE NEW "PLAYERS' CLUB" IN NEW YORK.

OPENING CEREMONY.

At the death of the old year, says a Central News telegram from New York this morning, the magnificent new building dedicated to the theatrical profession, and called the Players' Club, was opened with a good deal of ceremony, there being a large and distinguished gathering of American actors and actresses present. The building, which stands in Gramercy Park, is the gift to the profession of Mr. Edwin Booth, the eminent tragedian.

In a neat speech, characterized by good sense and warm feeling, Mr. Booth last night formally presented the building to his colleagues, referring to the occasion as the supreme moment of his life, and rejoicing that he was permitted to see the completion of his long cherished project. Mr. Daly responded on behalf of the profession.

A large number of prominent citizens attended the ceremony by invitation.

"THE PEACE MISSION OF BREWSTER BEY."

A DENIAL FROM BREWSTER BEY.

The Special Correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* telegraphed from Suakin last night as follows:—

General Grenfell desires me to say that Brewster Bey has officially denied the truth of the statement which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of December 11, headed "Peace Mission of Brewster Bey."

In this article it was stated that Brewster Bey was sent by Major Watson, the then Governor, to the camp of the Hadendowas, to offer them peace, which they accepted, and starved Osman Digna and his men out of Handoub.

Brewster Bey writes officially that he was sent by Major Watson to the camp of the Amharars at Handoub, to incite that tribe to attack the Hadendowas at Tamai.

The Amharars agreed to this, and besieged Tamai, and raided the Hadendowas' cattle. Brewster Bey adds that the story regarding his being sent on a peace mission to the Hadendowas themselves is an entire fabrication.

In reference to the above denial of one point in our interview with a British Resident, we have obtained the Resident's explicit confirmation of his account of Brewster Bey's mission—an account formulated on the best authority. We have also put ourselves in communication with persons in a position to pronounce authoritatively on the question, and expect to be able presently to throw a satisfactory light on the subject. Meanwhile it will be noticed that the contradiction only traverses the account given of Brewster Bey's mission very partially, and that in the form in which we have it represents third-hand authority.

WOMEN CARRIED OFF BY THE SUAKIN "REBELS."

SUAKIN, Tuesday Morning.

The "rebels" have given a disagreeable illustration of their close proximity to Suakin still, though our reconnoitring forces see but few traces of them in their expeditions.

Yesterday a number of Arab women went beyond the lines to gather firewood, and the majority of them were seized by the enemy and carried off.—*Central News Telegram.*

Sir William Jenner is now progressing favourably.

Skating commenced on Cowbit Wash, Lincolnshire Fens, to-day.

Sir William Gull, Bart., has now nearly recovered from his illness, and will be able to attend to his ordinary avocations in the course of a few days.

During the past year Messrs. W. and T. Restell put up to auction at the London Commercial Sale Rooms, 2,770 pipes, butts and puns, 3,630 hogsheads, 3,150 quarter-casks, and 62,180 dozens of wines and spirits, amounting in the aggregage to about 700,000 gallons.

PRINCE BISMARCK AND SIR R. MORIER.

A CHARGE THAT MUST BE INVESTIGATED.

(*Special.*)

We have received from various sources information bearing upon the slander on Sir Robert Morier, launched by the Berlin correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette*. We do not profess, like the *Cologne Gazette*, to be in confidential relations with the German Adjutant-General of the newspaper brigade, but we are like it in having correspondents who are more or less in touch with the Reptile Bureau at Berlin.

The *Cologne Gazette*, writing on the strength of an obviously inspired communication from Berlin, and supported by an equally inspired communication in the *Politische Correspondenz*, asserts that Sir Robert Morier, her Majesty's Ambassador at St. Petersburg, has been guilty of conduct which, if proved, would necessitate his immediate recall in order that he might be put on trial for high treason. It accused him almost in so many words of having betrayed the troops of Germany, which was her Majesty's ally, to the French army under Marshal Bazaine. The precise words of this scandalous libel were as follows:—

In connection with investigations, which had to be made in the Gefficken case . . . . there came to be considered a remark of Marshal Bazaine's, to the effect that in August, 1870, he received the first news of the advance of the German armies over the Moselle, through a communication by way of London and Paris, from the then English chargé d'affaires at Darmstadt, Sir Robert Morier.

Confronted with a positive denial that Bazaine ever said any such thing, our contemporary repeated its assertion, adding that Bazaine had once declared to German officers that the first intelligence he received at Metz in 1870, regarding the advance of the German armies, was from Mr. Morier, then representing England in Darmstadt, and these officers it offered to produce.

Now, even if Bazaine had made the assertion, such a charge could not weigh as a feather weight in the balance beside the categorical denial of the accused Ambassador that he had ever sent any such communication. For Bazaine was a man convicted of treason, who broke his oath, and who, therefore, could not be very particular about his word. Besides, he subsequently denied that he had ever made any such statement. Still as the German press, under the sinister influence of the Press Bureau, continues to treat a report of Bazaine's remark as proof of Sir Robert Morier's guilt, it is necessary that our Government should, in mere self-respect, insist on the accusation being subjected to a close and exhaustive investigation. If it is true that Sir Robert abused his position as representative of her Majesty at Darmstadt in order to ascertain and betray the secrets of the movements of the German armies to the French Commander-in-Chief, then let him be cashiered and sent to the Tower. But an accusation so grave, the substantiation of which would carry with it consequences so serious, cannot, consistently with national honour, be allowed to remain uninvestigated. If one of our Ambassadors has been guilty of treason, let him be cashiered. If he has not, do not let us allow him to be traduced in order to serve the party interests of a foreign Government.

We have reason to believe that our Berlin correspondent is right when he tells us that the object of the calumniator is even more to bring opprobrium upon the memory of the Emperor Frederick than to libel our Ambassador. In the Diary of the late Emperor, on August 1, the then Crown Prince writes, at Spiers, "Long and satisfactory conversation with the Duke of Coburg and Morier." In his reply to the Diary, Prince Bismarck said, "I possessed not the permission of the King to talk with his Royal Highness on esoteric questions of our policy as his Majesty on the one hand dreaded the indiscreet revelations which might thus be made to the English Court, that was full of French sympathies, and on the other," &c. There was a characteristic brutality about this remark, a kind of double-barrelled insult directed first against the late Emperor and secondly against the English Court, which was most erroneously declared to be full of French sympathies.

This story in the *Cologne Gazette* is a most lame and abortive attempt to give some body to the sneering suggestion in the Chancellor's Rescript. The allegation is that Marshal Bazaine first heard of the crossing of the Moselle by the Prussians from Mr. Morier's despatch. Now, on the face of it this seems absurd. The crossing of the Moselle at Pont à Mousson was effected almost under the eyes of Bazaine on the 15th of August, a fortnight after Morier's interview with the Crown Prince, and at a time when our diplomatist was far from the seat of war. It is quite incredible that he could have sent Bazaine news of what was going on under the very eyes of the French Marshal.

The object of all this is very plain. By using the alleged statement of a convicted traitor to brand our Ambdseador with treason the Reptile press indirectly sully the reputation of their late Emperor by accusing him of blabbing army secrets to a man who at once betrayed them to the enemy. What is not generally known here, but which our correspondent tells us is quite familiarly talked of in official circles in Berlin is that the accusation was launched by Count Herbert Bismarck, whose animosity to the British Ambassador is partly explained by the fact, which he vouches for, that the skirmish in which he was wounded was the direct result of the French offensive movement made on the strength of Sir Robert's telegram.

We have therefore a clear issue, which it is the duty of our Government to face frankly. Sir Robert Morier is accused of gross treachery to an ally of the Queen. It is for those who make the accusation to make good their words. Whatever Bazaine may or may not have said, the truth or the falsehood of the story must be substantiated on other grounds. 1. Is there the slightest proof that Sir Robert Morier ever sent a despatch from Darmstadt even to his own Government which gave any information of any military movements of the army in the field? 2. Is there the slightest proof that Sir Robert Morier ever even possessed any information at all about the movements across the Moselle excepting what he read in the newspapers like every one else? 3. And if there is no proof forthcoming on either of these heads, how can the promoters of this foul and baseless calumny refuse to make the most abject apology to the Government of her Majesty whose representative they have so grossly libelled?

A "TRAVELLED" TELEGRAM FROM STANLEY.

SOME OF THE EXPLORER'S PLANS.

A piece of interesting information was obtained this morning from a gentleman very well informed as to African matters.

"The telegram published in this morning's papers by Sir Francis De Winton concerning Stanley has had a very long voyage. On being sent from Leopoldville it had a journey of twenty-eight days to the mouth of the Congo. From here, in the ordinary course of events, the message would have been sent to San Thomé, and cabled from thence. Instead of which, the messenger found he would have to wait for a vessel going to San Thomé, whereas there was one going at once to the Cape. By this the message was sent, and from the Cape was cabled by the Eastern Cable Company to Sir Francis. That will account for the time it has taken to reach us.

"You will have observed," continued our informant, "it says letters cannot reach us before March—it says nothing about telegrams, and I should not be surprised to see a telegram from Stanley himself at any moment. He is now on his way home, having seen Emin and relieved him. One reason for his delay is that, having reached Bonalya on his home journey, he has had to spend some time quieting and reorganizing the people of that neighbourhood who have been thrown into a state of excitement since the Barttelot trouble. As for Emin, I do not think it at all likely that he will leave his post. He is in a good place. His people are friendly. The trouble with him was that he had no ammunition to defend himself with in case of being attacked by the Mahdi. Stanley having taken some to him, and some new clothing, Emin is once more in a condition of safety and comfort. There is another possible reason for his remaining in Africa. He may have taken a north-westerly course, with the intention of seeking the sources of the Tzad and the Welle. But, for my own part, I do not think there has ever been the slightest necessity for anxiety for Stanley's safety. He is not the man to die easy: he would make a big fight, and, in the present opened-up condition of Central Africa, news of such a fight as Stanley would make would long ere this have reached the coast, and we should have heard of it. We have not heard, and therefore it is not at all probable that any such thing has happened."

This morning the death occurred of Alderman Thomas Moscr of Bolton. The deceased gentleman was formerly chairman of company, and afterwards was chairman of the Corporation Gas C ten years. The alderman was a noted chemist, a prominent Wes Conservative. He was seventy-eight years of age.

THE WALPOLE CASE.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND FRAULEIN WIEDEMANN.

We are glad to be able to announce that there is now every prospect that the case which Fraulein Wiedemann brought against Robert Horace Walpole will be brought again before the Law Courts, and that this time it will be tried out to the end.

The necessary affidavits as to the birth of the child are now being sworn in Germany, and will be brought before the Divisional Court early in the New Year, when the application will be made for a rehearing of the case on the ground that the plaintiff, being a foreigner and necessarily unacquainted with our judicial procedure, did not understand that her refusal to answer as to the date of the birth of the child, about which she was imperfectly informed, would involve the collapse of the case.

Her Majesty the Queen had had her attention called to the conduct of which the defendant had been guilty, and although her Majesty could obviously neither express an opinion on a case which is *sub judice*, nor intervene in the proceedings of an English court of justice, she has not waited for the present appeal to indicate her sympathies with the unfortunate victim of the lawless passion of Robert Walpole.

We understand that four or five years ago the case came under the Queen's notice, when her Majesty wished to take steps for removing Walpole from her service. He was at one time a sub-lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and captain in the West Norfolk Militia. But he had already retired from her service, and her Majesty could do nothing beyond sending a small donation to help Miss Wiedemann. The money—a donation from her Majesty of £25—was sent direct to Fraulein Wiedemann's mother, and was devoted to defraying the medical and nursing expenses entailed by the birth of the child on whose existence doubt was cast at the late trial.

We have great satisfaction in publishing this, not in the least to influence any public action that may be taken in the Law Courts, which would be obviously not only improper, but contrary to the express command of her Majesty in all such cases. But in order that the public, whom we have invited as an act of justice to defray the legal expenses of the unfortunate lady, may see that it is not without cause that we have appealed to them for their support. The late Lord Ampthill, then Ambassador at Berlin, investigated the case, and it was no doubt not without communication with him that her Majesty exercised her gracious bounty on behalf of Walpole's victim.

The expenses of the new trial will necessarily be somewhat heavy, and although Fraulein Wiedemann's friends in Germany have undertaken to provide for her support during the period that must intervene before the verdict of the jury can be recorded, we hope that the legal expenses will be provided for by the countrymen and countrywomen of him who will one day be Earl of Orford. In this there is no humiliation to Miss Wiedemann, for every subscription is more or less a tribute of sympathy with an unfortunate lady, who is seeking redress for the cruellest of wrongs. We shall be happy to acknowledge any subscriptions that may be sent us for the Wiedemann Fair Trial Fund. The following subscriptions have already been promised:—

*Samuel Smith, M.P.	£10 0 0
Mrs. T. L. Browne	5 0 0
Mrs. J. L. Bowes, Liverpool	5 0 0
Mrs. Thomasson	2 2 0
Mrs. Houstoun	2 2 0
Samuel Faulkner	2 2 0
A. L. L.	2 0 0
"Watch"	2 0 0
K. E. Chamot	2 0 0
"A Friend (Liverpool)"	2 0 0
†Mdme. Katti Lanner (collected by)	1 3 6
E. A.	1 1 0
*W. M. N.	1 1 0
S. Chinnock	1 1 0
*Mrs. Mary Davies	1 1 0
E Hilder	1 0 0
Michael Davitt	1 0 0
*"Templar"	1 0 0
E. G. Francis	1 0 0
*E. G. D.	1 0 0
*Seva Ram	1 0 0
*A Wellwisher	1 0 0
L.	1 0 0
G. Wilson	1 0 0

Rev. H. C. and Mrs. Shuttleworth, 10s.; A. Corthorn, 5s.; J. H. (Manchester), 2s. 6d.; T. L. K., 2s. 6d.; Benj. Tillett, 2s.; E. Caston, 1s.; Miss Naomi Parsons, 10d.; Mrs. G. Smith, 6d.

* Those marked with an asterisk have been promised; the others have been received.

† This amount has not yet been forwarded, as Mdme. Lanner kindly expresses the hope that she will be able to increase it considerably

DO THE AMERICANS BEAT US AFTER ALL?

THE TWO SOLAR ECLIPSES.

It is customary in America to tell children, with a sneer, that "the sun is never seen in England"! On this day we poor benighted islanders have rather the pull of our American cousins, however. For weeks and months past our astronomers and observers, at Greenwich and elsewhere, have been expressing deep regret that the eclipse of the sun, with which the new year is ushered in for the American continent, would not be visible here. There are many ways of arriving at one end, and King Fog has done the business for us. We have no need to be jealous of the Americans. If they have their paltry little eclipse, so have we. And we do not need any smoked glass, the fog is fully as effectual. Indeed the difficulty will be to find out where old Sol is at all.

The American astronomers have been very energetic in their efforts to obtain observations from every point whence this eclipse can be seen during its entire duration, but it will be impossible to have observers along the whole line of its totality, for this stretches over the Pacific Ocean. However, the Director of the celebrated Lick Observatory, at San Francisco, has established a station at a point where the total eclipse phase lasts 2 min. 3 sec. We shall have no difficulty over here. The total eclipse will last all day. Perhaps the advent of the fog was foreseen by our astronomers, for no Englishmen have gone out. However, the Americans do not mean to waste their opportunities. The Harvard College Observatory sends five observers; Professor Burckhalter, of the Chabot Observatory, sends out twenty photographers; two sons of Professor Davidson and Mr. Rockwell will be among the observers. Doubtless several others of the numerous observatories in the United States will also send parties, so that in a few hours' time it is probable that we shall have pretty full accounts of the American eclipse, and we shall be able to compare it without bias or favour, fear or envy, with our own, which all must acknowledge is a decided success

THE LEGAL OUTRAGE AT PATNA.

LETTER FROM MR. DYER.

We have received by this mail full details of Mr. Dyer's unsuccessful attempts to rescue a young Christian girl of fifteen from the house of evil fame to which she had been sent by her mother. Mr. Dyer seems to have done his best and to have failed. There is evidently great need for a Criminal Law Amendment Act in India. Mr. Dyer writes us:—

The case is not one of Hinduism *versus* Christianity, but of the natural and legal rights of an Indian girl to be protected from moral and physical ruin. The protection of property in India is granted up to the age of twenty-one years for a Parsee's or an Englishman's daughter, and up to the age of eighteen for the property of the daughter of a Hindu or Mahommedan. The protection of chastity is only granted up to the age of TEN for every little girl-child in India!

TO-DAY'S TITTLE TATTLE.

I happened to look in at the Lyceum yesterday afternoon, and was not a bit surprised to see a serpentine *queue* of forty or fifty people, reaching from the door to Mr. Hurst's office, which, by the way, is no sinecure just now. Since ten in the morning there had been no gap in the sinuous line, and I heard that even before the production on Saturday night the large sum of £2,000 had been paid for seats. Such booking in advance is quite unprecedented in theatrical annals.

***

The critics are pretty unanimous in protesting against the dipping of the torches in the banqueting scene on the appearance of Banquo's ghost. Mr. Irving, I believe, has yielded to the consensus of popular opinion, and henceforth the ghost will appear in full light.

***

I met Mr. Sims a little later on, and asked him if he proposed to write a burlesque on the Lyceum production. "A Miss Macbeth?" he replied. "No, never. Burlesques on Shakspeare have never run." So says Mr. Sims. Perhaps Mr. Burnand, who was at the Lyceum on Saturday, is of another opinion. I seem to remember a skit on the "Tempest" at the Gaiety three or four years ago, with Miss Farren as Ariel.

***

"The Silver Falls" is doing immense business, and Mr. Sims told me,—this by the way, that the story of the hidden treasure, which supplies the motive for the villain's villainy, is founded on fact. An Australian bushranger made his pile, and was able to plant the golden "swag" before he died. On his deathbed he handed a packet to his executor, to be given to his daughter. On opening it she was told to go to a certain wild spot where wild pines grew, To go E. by N.E. thirty paces, in the line made by three specially tall pines, and dig, dig. She dug, dug, and found thousands and thousands of ancient sovereigns, rusty from long rest. They are now in circulation. A regular Poe story—after the golden bug.

***

Never was there such a patchwork of fog and sunshine as that which lay over London yesterday. The fog came down to Ludgate-circus, and the sun shone on Ludgate-hill. At night the Avenue Theatre was undiscoverable, while halfway across the river the fog suddenly ceased. The trains were all thrown out of their reckoning. I got into a train at a quarter to seven at Waterloo. "What train is this?" I asked. "The 6.5," was the answer, and so it was all round.

***

In the middle of the fog I met yesterday a friend who had just come up from Brighton. "The sun was shining brilliantly, the sea like glass, and the air warm."

***

From Truro:—"I have on my table a full-blown wallflower plucked in the garden. A large scarlet butterfly was reposing on the flower. At the present moment the butterfly is flitting about my study, and appears strong enough to see the New Year. This may interest your readers, and be a hint to any one wishing to know a winter resort. Let him come to Cornwall, but ask him to bring his umbrella."

***

Miss Olive Schreiner has almost finished another novel, which deals with the question of ideal marriage much in the spirit of Tolstoi, as Miss Chapman will be surprised to hear.

***

Mentone, which a few days ago was reported to be full, is really quite empty. A friend of mine who is there has a large hotel that will accommodate sixty guests all to herself, with the exception of one other visitor. All the villas are shut up. Yet the weather is absolutely perfect. It is like a sweet summer.

***

Mr. and Mrs. Cuninghame Graham are off to Sweet Seville in search of the sunshine. The snow has been lying thick at Gartmoor, and the delicate daughter of the south sighs for the blue sky and balmy breath of her native Spain.

***

I regret to hear that Mrs. Langworthy is unwell in Paris. For a time her daily rides in the Bois de Boulogne did her much good, but she has been overtaken by a low fever, and she is now in the doctor's hands.

***

I hear that Miss Essie Jennings, the charming young actress who has turned the heads of half Australia, is engaged to be married to a gentleman with £30,000 a year. The lucky man, who is a native of Australia, is said to be somewhat of a rough diamond; but a little roughness is, I suppose, tolerable when the diamonds are so undoubtedly genuine.

***

King Milan's self-indulgence is working out in diplomatic spheres. He has already quarrelled with his Queen, and risked his throne for the sake of Mdme. Christitch, and now Bismarck is indignant that the complaisant lady's husband should be appointed as Servian Minister at Berlin. The Servian Government, servile as it is, could not tolerate this appointment, and now Prince Bismarck is recalling the German Minister at Belgrade because he did not advise him as to the grave impropriety which King Milan was committing.

***

Even before the divorce the King treated Mdme. Christitch almost as if she were Queen, and it was her position at a Court ball which led to the quarrel between the King and his cousin, whose place Mdme. Christitch usurped. It was also this lady whom the King insisted the Queen should kiss, when Queen Nathalie's retort that her husband could do his kissing himself led to the final breach between the Royal pair.

OUR TRAVELLING COMMISSIONER IN THE FAR EAST.

RECEPTION BY THE KING OF KOREA.

We are glad to be able to announce the receipt of new despatches from our Travelling Commissioner, which bring his dates down to the 1st of November. When he wrote he was in high spirits, being fresh from a prolonged interview with Li Hung Chang, at Peking, an honour which has rarely been accorded before to any English journalist.

Our Commissioner reports that he was fêted at Vladivostock as if he had been a Prince or an Ambassador, and his letters, descriptive of the fortifications and position of the Sebastopol of the Pacific, will be in the hands of readers in a few days. Even in that advanced outpost of the Tzar's dominions, Peace, peace was the only word.

The adventurous ride across Korea, rarely if ever attempted before by any journalist, brought our representative in safety to Seoul, where he was duly received in audience by the King of Korea. We expect the report of this reception by the next mail.

Leaving Seoul he came on to Peking by steamer. His vessel stranded in the river and he had to be landed in a sampan. He was hospitably received by the British Minister, and his arrival produced the usual sputtering fusillade of comment in the local press. On the whole he seems to have been having a good time except for the nuisance of having to develop his negatives, which, like all travelling photographers, he finds to be something of a bore.

He was starting to photograph the Great Wall of China when he despatched his last letter. After leaving Peking—he is particular about the final "g"—he will visit Tongking and Siam.

SUNDAY AT MANCHESTER ART GALLERY.

Last Sunday was the third on which visitors were admitted without payment to the Autumn Exhibition at the Manchester Art Gallery. The attendance was 5,638, as against 5,253 on the previous Sunday. Between the hours of three and four in the afternoon the number of visitors registered was 1,755, and between six and seven 1,137.

A MIDNIGHT ORGIE ON THE STEPS OF ST. PAUL'S.

The Old Year died in one of the grimiest and grimmest fogs that ever spread its ghastly pall over Modern Babylon. Weird and horrible indeed was London last night at eleven o'clock, as the gay crowds muffled up to the eyes groped their way out of the theatres into the mysterious atmosphere. Hideous were the raucous strains of ruffiandom as it besieged the dim-lit portals, shouting and hustling; picking a pocket here, and snatching a watch there, or turning an honest penny to drink health and happiness to the New Year. We were a merry, merry crowd who turned Eastward and plunged into the City of Dreadful Night. A merry, choking, coughing crowd, bent on a night of wild dissipation. The gutter was lost to view, the kerbstone was invisible, and the way was marked by the sickly shadows cast from the lamps and the gin palaces.

INVISIBLE CABBIES DRIVING PHANTOM HANSOMS.

The crowd grew thicker as we climbed up Ludgate-hill. And what fun we had in the fog! How we shouted and joked, drank and swore, and jostled each other in our wild haste to be in at the death. How we bantered the invisible cabbies, perched up somewhere aloft driving phantom Hansoms, lighted by goggle eyes, burning with jaundiced flames which shot out weird shafts of colour into the accursed atmosphere. What stertorous strains floated through the grim approaches to the great cathedral.

THE STRAYED REVELLER.

We all meant to be in at the death. There was no doubt about that. So much so that I turned off quite naturally into Newgate-street, as if I had been going to attend an execution in a professional capacity, and actually stood musing for at least a minute in front of the awe-inspiring walls before I bethought me that I had strayed from the revels. Right about face into the crowd again. Mr. Irving is the greatest master of stage craft that ever lived, but the sight before St. Paul's put to shame his boldest flights.

THE MOB ON THE STEPS OF ST. PAUL'S.

The old churchyard was occupied by a great mob, of shadows, they seemed at first, as I peered through the yellow mist, but really most painfully solid, with bone and gristle, and loud lungs and idiotic laughs. The mob was in its wildest mood, and filled the wide flight of steps which leads up to the cathedral and every available nook and cranny, swarming up to the iron rails which form a barricade to the great doors. There was no form in the huge cathedral, and even when one peered into the thick darkness the solid columns seemed but grey shadows.

THE BLOOD RED FLARE.

Then some master spirit burnt a blood red flare, which cast a horrible light on the faces of the shouting mob, which recognized greatness by a deafening roar. A dozen other master spirits, each holding a yellow, stinking torch in his hand, was bellowing out the death song of "Cock Warren" to an encouraging circle which shrieked and brayed and took up the chorus. Then a piper struck up a strident tune, and the yelling ninnies on the steps began to dance a Highland reel. Some one pulled out a bottle and handed it round until the fiery liquid was exhausted. Then another flare—vivid green this time—lightened the darkness and enveloped us in its bilious hues. "Clang," "Clang," "Clang," "Clang," sounded the deep-mouthed bell through the midnight sky, which was muffled by the fog.

THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE.

The orgie drowned the deep tones of the bell as it sounded the death of the old year. The wretched mob just caught its dying echoes, which were the signal for a mad series of strenuous choruses of "Auld Lang Syne," and to look at them, an impartial observer would have said they were a crowd of St. Vitus, holding unholy revels. I don't say this was a drunken orgie, though I saw drinking; but there are orgies and orgies, and this orgie on the steps of St. Paul's seemed to me to fall but little short of sacrilege when there should have been solemnity.

And thus did the bells of St. Paul's—

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

AN IMPORTANT POST TO BE SOON VACANT.

The London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* writes:—I hear that the very important post of Director-General of Indian Telegraphs will shortly be vacant, as Sir A. Cappel, the present holder of the office, who is on his way home on leave, does not intend to return to India. Sir A. Cappel himself was trained in the Indian Telegraph service, but I am given to understand that it is not quite certain that his successor will not be selected outside the service. There is a fashion in filling up appointments of this nature, and the prevailing fashion at present—not in the India Office alone—is to appoint outsiders. Possibly from time to time it is thought that new blood and fresh ideas are wanted at the head of services abroad as well as at home.

EXECUTIONS AT STAFFORD AND LEEDS TO-DAY.

At eight o'clock this morning Thomas Clewer was executed in Stafford gaol for the murder of Mary Jane Bonnet, at the village of Washernall, near Hanley, North Stafford, on the 15th day of last September. The prison authorities were very reticent as to the convict's behaviour since his imprisonment, but he was visited on several occasions by his friends, and contemplated his fate with resignation. The condemned man walked to the scaffold with great firmness, and without any support from the warders who surrounded him. Berry was the executioner.

Charles Bulmer, aged fifty-one, groom, of Huddersfield, who was sentenced to death at last Leeds assizes for the murder of his wife by cutting her throat with a razor, was executed within the precincts of Armley Prison this morning. The convict made a written statement to the governor acknowledging the justice of his fate. Billington, of Bolton, was the executioner.

THE MONEY MARKET.

LOOKING FOR A PERIOD OF EASE.

A considerable amount of money is changing hands to-day in connection with various dividend payments, the distribution of the India Council money, which has been largely gathered up the past few days, and the letting free of balances by the joint stock banks. There is therefore a considerable increase in the supply of floating cash, and for the time being the market has quite sufficient to meet all requirements. The general quotation for short loans is now as low as 4½ per cent. This supply, however, will soon be diminished by the repayment of loans taken out of the Bank during the time of extreme pressure, but of course the dividend money to be released on the 5th will again add to the bankers' balances, and operators are now looking for a period of ease, at least for a time. The discount rate continues its downward course, and is now really little better than 3⅛ per cent. for three months' bank paper, though many brokers quote higher. A further large amount in gold is still expected to be sent into the Bank this week from Russia, and arrivals from America and Australia are also spoken of as likely. The fall in the discount rate, however, is unfortunate, as the further the decline extends the further is removed the probability of the receipt of gold as an exchange operation.

GOOD TIMES FOR THE "BULLS."

The "bulls" have good reason to be grateful for all the mercies of the year just dead. They have passed triumphantly through war scares, the deaths of two German Emperors, and constant French political crises, and they finish up the year with the boom still flourishing merrily. A glance at the price list shows that, with the exception of a few American railway stocks, there has been an important rise in nearly all securities. At present there appears to be no sign of a check, and the rise looks likely to continue in the new year, but there are one or two things that should not be left out of sight. There is the election in Paris this month, which may give rise to political disquiet, if Boulanger should be successful. The copper syndicate is being loaded with an ever-increasing stock in the face of a diminishing demand, and the amount of capital involved is very large. Then again, although at present the threatened stringency in the money market has passed away, there are strong reasons for believing that the relief has been due to manipulation of gold, in which case the drain of that metal may be resumed later on. Hungarian and Greek securities have risen further on the prospects of conversion. To-day the Stock Exchange is closed.

THE MURDER MYSTERY AT BRADFORD.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

THE INQUEST.

The Bradford borough coroner, Mr. J. G. Hutchinson, opened an inquest yesterday afternoon, at the town hall, on the body of the lad John Gill, eight years of age, who was found lying murdered and shockingly mutilated at the back of Mellor-street, Thorncliffe-road, on Saturday morning. Thomas Gill, cabman, father to the deceased, was the only witness called, and gave evidence as to the boy's identity. He last saw the lad alive on Thursday morning at a quarter past seven. He was then in the house. Witness sent him to the stable-yard to tell the horse-keeper to put a horse in his cab. He came back in a minnte or two and said, "Your horse in its stall ready.' Witness went to work, leaving the lad in the house, and did not see him again till he was taken down to the mortuary on Saturday morning and shown the dead body. After this brief examination the chief constable applied for an adjournment. It would, he pointed out, be inconvenient to the police that the matter should be gone into fully just at present. The proceedings were consequently adjourned until Friday week.

A VISIT FROM JACK THE RIPPER.

A remarkable story came to the knowledge of the Bradford police some time on Thursday, on the morning of which the boy Gill was first missed, and regarding which they have kept the strictest silence. On Wednesday night last a tailor named Cahill, of 324, Heaton-road—a thoroughfare in the suburb where the body was found, but about half a mile further from town, and in a very isolated position—went to a ball with his wife. Upon his return, about ten o'clock, on Thursday morning, an hour and a half after the boy was last seen with the milkman Barratt, he found that his house had been entered. The furniture had been pulled about and turned upside down; a number of articles of various kinds had been thrown in a heap upon the table in the living room; and upon another table was a sight which struck him with horror. A couple of carving knives were placed crosswise on the table, and upon them was a card, on one side of which was written, "Half-past 9—look out—Jack the Ripper has been," while on the other side were the words: "I have removed down to the canal side. Please drop in. Yours truly, SUICIDE." There was a large tin can full of water on the same table, and the whole surface of the table was saturated with water. The clock in the living room was stopped, and the fingers indicated the time stated on the card, half-past nine. Nothing had been removed from the house, except a bottle of rum. Another bottle of rum had been removed from the cupboard, and some of its contents had been poured into two glasses, which were left upon the table almost empty. The story is narrated by Mr. Cahill himself. Mr. Cahill has been compelled to obtain another house, the shock of the discovery having so unnerved his wife that she will not stay in the house without constant company.

JOURNALISTS IN THE VAN.

The recent announcement that Harrison has selected Elijah W. Halford, managing editor of the *Indianapolis Journal*, to be his private secretary, suggests, says a writer in a New York paper, the surmise that it will become an established custom for the President elect to choose his right-hand man from the journalistic ranks. It was President Cleveland, I believe, who first took a journalist to the White House as his private and confidential secretary. Both Colonel Hay and Colonel Nicolay had a newspaper training, but they by no means bore the same relation to Lincoln that Colonel Lamont bears to Cleveland. They were attachés of the White House, but hardly confidential secretaries. Cleveland appears to have made his private secretary a sort of sub-President. Formerly almost all the private secretaries were men who had been bred in the law. Of the fifteen men who filled the presidency before Lincoln's term, fourteen were ostensibly lawyers, and twelve of their private secretaries had been educated for the bar.

THE WOMAN BEHIND THE SERVIAN THRONE.

Count Bray, German Minister at Belgrade for the last thirteen years, has, writes the *Times* correspondent, got into trouble with Prince Bismarck by neglecting to inform his Government that the appointment of M. Milan Christitch, Servian Minister at Berlin, which was recently made, had been objected to by the Servian Government. M. Christitch had been King Milan's secretary, and Madame Christitch is known to have enjoyed far too great an influence at Court. This was shown when King Milan appointed her to do the honours of the Palace at a Court ball, just as if she were Queen. This caused some commotion at the time, and led to an estrangement between the King and his cousin, Mdme. Constantinovitch, who was entitled to the place of honour during the Queen's absence. The Servian Government did not take a favourable view of the whole affair, and objected to sending M. Christitch to Berlin. Everybody thought it strange that the German Government should have been more tolerant, but the matter is now explained, Count Bray having concealed the facts. The Count was summoned to Berlin a few days ago to give explanations, and he is to be recalled from his post.

THE TELEPHONE IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

The Plymouth and Three Towns Telephone Exchange system has become one of the first necessities of commercial life. During the year 296,600 messages have passed the Exchange, without counting the reply, so that in reality no less than 593,200 messages have passed through the Plymouth Exchange, or an average of 2,510 for each subscriber at a cost of less than one penny per message. The total number of messages last year was 213,000, or an average of 1,060 per subscriber. Since January 1, 1888, fifty-four new subscribers have joined the system, bringing the total number up to 253. The night service established by the company has been continued, and the fact that 9,120 calls have been made during the year (from 10 P.M. to 8 A.M.) shows what advantage this has been. Plymouth will in a few days be in direct telephonic communication with Ivybridge, Brent, Totnes, Torquay, Dartmouth, Newton Abbot, &c., and a line to Horrabridge and Tavistock will be completed by March.

WHY NOT A COVENT GARDEN MARKET FOR SOUTH LONDON?

"From inquiries I made," says a writer in *Figaro*, "I learned that the holly and mistletoe I saw at Nine Elms just before Christmas is not sent on to Covent Garden. Costers and greengrocers drive down to the station-yard with their barrows and carts, and load up then and there with their purchases. The consigner of the holly, no doubt, finds this a much more profitable plan than sending it on to be sold by a middleman at Covent Garden, while the purchasers also benefit by it."

IN PRAISE OF PRISON.

"Imprisonment," says Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, in the preface to his prison verses published to-day, "is a reality of discipline most useful to the modern soul, lapped as it is in physical sloth and self-indulgence. Like a sickness or a spiritual retreat, it purifies and ennobles: and the soul emerges from it stronger and more self-contained. Alas, that these influences should so soon lose their power! And yet, fall as we may from the higher level, they do not wholly perish, but remain for us a wholesome recollection and a standard of all that we can imagine best for this life and another."

AN EXAMPLE WORTHY OF IMITATION.

The mayor of Sydney has handed his year's salary, £1,000, to the local University to provide a bursary.

SWEATING AT THE ANTIPODES.

Sweating is by no means confined to the East-end of London. There have been some appalling revelations of the grinding of the poor in Dunedin, one of the largest and wealthiest cities of New Zealand. The local Presbyterian Synod has just passed a resolution deploring the existence of the sweating system in the colony, and desiring ministers and office-bearers to discourage it by every possible means.

UNCOMFORTABLE FOR THE HORSE.

Away up in Northumberland, at Hexham, a strange substance has been found in the carcass of an old horse. It was as if the poor animal had swallowed a cannon-ball, for the phosphatic calculus, as it is declared to be, is 3lb. 10oz. in weight, and nearly 15½ in. in circumference. It is very dark brown in colour, there are two dark lines on it, and it has a polished appearance.

A TICHBORNE WITNESS IN TROUBLE.

One of "Sir Roger's" best friends is again in trouble. Jean Luie, the well-known witness who committed perjury in the Tichborne trial, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment on November 13 in Sydney for conspiring to defraud a gentleman named Talgrenby, by means of a bogus action for damages for breach of promise of marriage. The judge, in passing sentence, said the evidence had disclosed one of the most barefaced frauds he had ever heard of. In consideration of the prisoner's age (sixty-nine), he directed that he should be imprisoned without hard labour.

CADBURY'S COCOA is a refined concentration of the strength-sustaining principles of the flesh-forming constituents of the Cocoa-nib. Delicious, nutritious, easily digested, and of great economy, a sixpenny packet yielding fourteen large breakfast cups of perfect Cocoa. It is absolutely pure.

MR. CECIL ROCHE AT IT AGAIN.

"SIX MONTHS" FOR MR. E. HARRINGTON, M.P.

At Tralee yesterday, at a special court composed of Mr. Cecil Roche and Mr. A. J. McDermott, resident magistrates, the hearing of the three charges against Mr. E. Harrington, M.P., took place. The charges were of having taken part in a meeting of an illegal association known as the National League, on the 4th of November, having published a report of the meeting in his paper, the *Kerry Sentinel*, and having incited persons to join an illegal association known as the Plan of Campaign. The publication of the report having been proved, and Mr. Healy having addressed the bench for the defence,

The magistrates retired, and after an absence of twenty minutes returned, and Mr. Roche announced their decision. With reference to the last charge, of inciting persons to take part in the Plan of Campaign, they were of opinion that it had not been proved. With regard to the charge of publishing a report of a meeting of the Tralee branch, that was a very serious matter. Mr. Harrington had openly defied the Government. He had persistently and deliberately asserted that his form of government was stronger than the form of government which exists at present. The question was whether Mr. Harrington or the existing authorities were to be supreme in the country. At present the authorities were strong enough to carry out the law, and make persons like Mr. Harrington feel that though they might be members of Parliament, and might occupy very high positions, still they were answerable and subservient to the law. This was not the first time that Mr. Harrington had been convicted, but notwithstanding that he had again openly and deliberately defied the law, and he should be punished.

District-inspector Newel interposed, and said that he had instructions not to press for punishment if Mr. Harrington would give an undertaking that for the future he would not take part in National League meetings or publish them in his paper. Mr. Harrington refused to do this, and Mr. Roche thereupon sentenced him to six months' imprisonment with hard labour. Mr. Healy asked to have a case stated for the Court of Exchequer, but the magistrate declined to do so, and Mr. Harrington not availing himself of his right to appeal was shortly afterwards driven off, accompanied by three policemen, and lodged in Tralee gaol.

RUNNING THE REBEL BLOCKADE.

The barque *Livingstone* arrived at Plymouth last evening, after an extraordinary experience in connection with the Hayti rebellion. On her arrival off Cape Hayti she was hailed by a suspicious-looking steamer. Captain Boatz, of the *Livingstone*, was ordered by the commander of the steamer to lay to, and seeing that the steamer's stern-chasers were pointed at his vessel, Captain Boatz complied with this request. Thereupon a boat with an officer and several men put off from the steamer, which proved to be the *Dislennas*, and on their boarding the *Livingstone* Captain Boatz was ordered to accompany the rebels with his ship's documents to the *Dislennas*, which was said to be engaged in blockading the port. Captain Boatz refused to recognize the blockade as lawful, but reluctantly delivered up his papers. The officer and men of the *Dislennas* then boarded the Italian barque *Aurelia*, and whilst they were so engaged Captain Boatz set all sail and ran boldly for port. Just as he was getting under weigh he saw the captain of the *Aurelia* taken on board the *Dislennas*. He was not pursued, and, the wind being fresh, he gained his destination in safety.

THE PROPOSED WELSH EXHIBITION.

Sir Frederick Roberts, V.C., K.C.S.I., &c., Commander-in-Chief in India, has expressed himself sympathetically with the purposes of the Welsh Exhibition. The guarantee fund (says the *Cardiff Mail*) is now nearly established, and the efforts of the management are being directed to the acquisition of the South Kensington site.

THE "MACBETH" ARMOUR.

All the armour used in "Macbeth" at the Lyceum Theatre was ordered direct from Birmingham. Mr. Irving was much annoyed to find the metal brightly burnished. With an exclamation that such armour was never seen in Edward the Confessor's time, the actor (says the London correspondent) directed that it should be returned, in order that the historical inaccuracy might be rectified.

DALSTON JUNCTION FOR GOWER STREET.

In illustration of the all-too-well-known fact that owing to the difficulties experienced by railway passengers in determining the names of stations, there is daily an enormous loss of time caused by travellers passing the station at which they wish to alight and having to wait for a return train, a correspondent of the *Railway Press* tells how the other day he encountered at Dalston Junction, on the North London Railway, a man who inquired how far he was from Gower-street. It appears that at Blackfriars District station he had entered the first train that came along, which was one bound from the Mansion House to Broad-street. Ignorant of the different routes pursued, he had sat waiting to arrive at Gower-street.

LOCATING A LEAK BY A NEW METHOD.

A novel matter of locating a leak in a water-main was employed recently at Rochester, New York, with entire success. The break in the main was known to be between the banks of the river. A solution of bi-permanganate of potash was introduced at a hydrant on the side of the river nearest the reservoir, and observers were stationed on the river along the line of the main. A deep reddish purple discoloration of river water at one point soon made the exact location of the leak apparent.

MR. D. L. MOODY'S COLONY.

While D. L. Moody, the evangelist, is labouring on the Pacific coast his great educational interests at Mount Hermon and Northfield are flourishing, the schools being crowded. The girls' school at Northfield has just had another big windfall in the gift of funds to establish a hospital, and a force of men and teams are drawing stone for the foundations, which will be put in as soon as spring opens, and plans are being made for the building, which like the other seminary buildings will be constructed of stone and brick, and will cost when finished between 30,000 dols. and 40,000 dols. Mr. Moody has always been opposed to having his name attached to any of the building, but in this case he has been circumvented in a certain sense, as a woman gave several thousand dollars as a starter on condition that the building be called "The Betsy Moody Hospital," being named after the stirring evangelist's noble mother, who still, at eighty-three years of age, is living in the old homestead near which the hospital is to be erected.

"WHEN AT ROME," ETC.

The Rev. Hermann Gollancz made on Sunday evening an excellent contribution to the series of lectures at the Great Synagogue. The lecturer spoke in Polish jargon, much to the amusement of the German audience and the delight of the Polish working men. Every third word was Hebrew. The introductory remark was taken from Numb. xiii. 32—"The land eateth up its inhabitants." This was in allusion to the Russian persecutions, by which many of the audience had been compelled to come over to free England. They had, he said, found a new home in this country, like our ancestors after they had left Egypt. The lecturer (says the *Jewish Standard*) then proceeded to exhort his hearers to become Anglicised, and to follow Moses's example, who came as a foreigner to the land of Midian, but was recognized as an Egyptian simply because he was dressed in the fine Egyptian style. "Brethren," said the preacher, "make your appearance attractive by cleanliness." Mr. Gollancz then spoke at length against the sweating system, and remarked that his Polish brethren should assist the fresh "Greeners" during the first six months of their stay, and not compel them to work almost for nothing in order to get a piece of bread and a drop of bitter tea. By religiousness one gains the respect and love of his neighbours, especially in England, where religion is fashionable.

BOUND FOR THE NORTH POLE.

Mr. James Carnie, one of the chief agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, has arrived at Winnipeg, and he reports that two months ago he met Lord Lonsdale near the Arctic Circle. He was travelling in company with two guides (Esquimaux) and his own personal attendant, and was pushing northward as rapidly as possible. He told Mr. Carnie that he walked all day, and that the Esquimaux regarded him as a sort of prodigy, calling him invariably the "man who walks fast." He was confident of reaching the North Pole if only his guides stuck to him.

WHOM DOES THE CAP FIT?

In the course of a readable article on a subject interesting to everybody—"Manners on the Line," a writer in the *Railway Press* "goes for" the selfish brutes who are so numerous on our suburban railways. "The other morning, at a large suburban railway station," he remarks, "we observed a group of men standing round the fire of the general waiting-room, keeping every particle of warmth from reaching other travellers, which included several poor little work-girls. Such a sight made us feel ashamed of our countrymen. We have also felt deeply ashamed of the coarse, selfish struggles we have seen between men to gain a seat in a train going to, or coming from the City. What pleasure can any one find in a seat secured at the expense of another person's being obliged to stand during the whole of the journey?

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THE "UNIVERSAL PROVIDER" AND HOLLOWAY.

HE IS DEAD AGAINST BRANCHES.

A rumour having found circulation on Snnday to the effect that Mr. W Whiteley was about to shortly startle Holloway out of its peacefulness by erecting a branch establishment in the Holloway-road, one of our representatives called at Westbourne-grove in order to hear whether there was any truth in the report.

"They say, Mr. Whiteley, that you are going to be more universal than ever?"

"Do they? As a rule they know my business sooner than I do myself, and it is so in this case. This is the first I hear about the Holloway affair. I would sooner think of establishing a branch at Bombay or Calcutta than at Holloway. If the Holloway people want to buy my goods they can come to Westbourne grove, but I have no intention whatever, and have never had, of establishing a branch at Holloway."

"The truth is (continued the 'Universal Provider') I am against branches for I believe in the master's eye being everywhere, and I have hardly enough eyes to keep this place always straight. This very day I have discovered that for the last three years I have been cheated at the rate of £15 a week, and with all my supervision I have not discovered it sooner."

"Why, you of all business men ought to be the last to be taken in in this way! How in the world did it happen?"

"You may well say that; and yet if people are bent on cheating, they can do it. Every business man has to run a certain amount of risk, and I must take my chance with the others."

A GENTLEMAN CONVICT IN THE BANKRUPTCY COURT.

HE SPEAKS OF AN ATTEMPT TO ROB HIM OF HIS ESTATE.

Considerable interest was evinced in the local bankruptcy court at Chatham yesterday in connection with the appearance for public examination of a convict named Harry Wyndham Carter, from Chatham prison. He was brought to the court in a cab, handcuffed, and in custody of two warders. He is described as late of Piccadilly and Kensington Hall, Ashford, and the petitioning creditor claims £29,000. The debtor not only refused to answer questions, but even to be sworn. He seemed much affected, and sobbed out that the proceedings were an attempt on the part of a brother to rob him of his estate, and he would do nothing to promote the scheme. He also complained that letters he sent to his solicitors in connection with the case were tampered with by the prison officials. The Registrar said that under the circumstances there was no use in committing the debtor for contempt, and the proceedings were adjourned.

"DESTINED FOR A LONG RUN

A man whose appearance betokened him to be a commercial traveller sat in the Hotel Cadillac office the other night, tipped back in an arm-chair, contentedly conversing with that glibness peculiar to his profession. "In addition to selling the best line of goods in America," he said with a benign smile, "I am introducing in the uncultured West a new slang phrase that is running wild in the mouths of Eastern people, particularly residents of New York City." "What is it?" "It is 'in the soup.' I've been in Detroit two days, but haven't heard it used. In the East everything is 'in the soup'—Cleveland and the Democratic party, for instance. If a man has a little hard luck or meets with a misfortune of any kind, 'off his base' and kindred phrases are tabooed, and 'in the soup' describes his predicament. Unlike most slang expressions, its origin is known. Last spring, when Kilrain, the pugilist, returned from Europe on the Cunard steamer *Etruria* his friends in New York prepared to give him a grand reception. The vessel arrived in the evening and lay off Quarantine waiting for daylight to come into port. A party of Kilrain's friends, considerably the worse for liquor, procured a tug and went out to take their hero off and bring him ashore, but the captain of the *Etruria* swore the drunken crowd should not come near, and they did not. While cruising around the steamer one of the tug's passengers, a man named Johnston, in leaning over its side, lost his balance and fell overboard. One of his companions, who witnessed his fall but who was too drunk to throw him a rope or offer other assistance, contented himself with calling out, 'But Johnson's fell in the soup!' Comparing the Atlantic Ocean to a plate of soup was so supremely ridiculous that when the incident was related in the New York papers the expression struck the popular fancy and is now destined for a long run."—*Detroit Tribune.*

WHAT DR. SCHWEINFURTH IS DOING NOW.

Dr. Schweinfurth has removed his residence from Cairo to Berlin. The German Government has placed at his disposal a house for the accommodation of his African collections, which after his life-time will become the property of the State, but in the meantime remains in his charge, the Government meeting all the expenses of their maintenance. At present Dr Schweinfurth is on his way to Arabia Felix for the purpose of making botanical collections in the mountains of Yemen. Judging from what is known of the limited but extremely peculiar flora of Aden, and from the specimens which Major Hunter, the Assistant Resident at Aden, has transmitted to Kew from the interior, the results of Dr. Schweinfurth's explorations are likely to be of the very greatest interest.—*Nature.*

SHALL ENGLISH LADIES TAKE TO RIFLE SHOOTING?

"I have often wondered," writes "Out West" to the *County Gentleman*, "why rifle shooting was not more encouraged amongst the ladies of England than it has been. Some friends of mine are very useful with the rifle, and I have known them get hold frequently of the day's dinner. There is not the slightest reason why a lady should not shoot every whit as well as a gentleman. We have seen the moften prove victorious in archery competitions, and they can well hold their own in lawn tennis matches. I should like very well to see started in London a club of lady rifle and revolver shots, no matter what some people may say to the contrary. Of course, with the long range military rifle they could have possibly little chance, but with light sporting weapons I feel convinced that they would more than hold their own."

SIR J. PENDER THE UNIONIST CANDIDATE FOR GOVAN.

A meeting of Conservatives and Liberal Unionists was held yesterday in the Imperial Club, Glasgow. Mr. Craig, the secretary, intimated that a telegram had been received from Sir John Pender stating that he accepts the nomination for the Govan vacancy. The meeting endorsed the nomination, and then proceeded to make preparations for the contest.

HARD ON THE POET LAUREATE.

Apropos of the Laureate's letter to the *Times* with respect to the proposed Isle of Wight Railway, the *Railway Press* exclaims:—"We think that Lord Tennyson would be better engaged were he to confine himself to the manufacture of even the indifferent poetry he has produced of late years than in interfering in matters of which he can have had no practical experience, and upon which, therefore, his opinion cannot be considered of any especial value. For selfish indifference to the wants of the community in regard to a cheap and rapid means of locomotion, the letter is on a par with the tirades of Mr. Ruskin against railways in the Lake District. Cannot my Lord Tennyson and Mr. Ruskin find some Juan Fernandez where they may, like Alexander Selkirk, be monarchs of all they survey?"

A CANON GETS "FOUR MONTHS."

At the Oxford City sessions Canon Hall Baynes, honorary canon of Worcester, was charged with obtaining money from local tradespeople by means of cheques drawn on a bank at which he had no account. During the hearing of the case the Recorder said to his mind no criminal offence had been committed, but the jury found the defendant guilty, and he was sentenced to four months' imprisonment.

A BANK CLERK'S ALLEGED HEAVY DEFALCATIONS.

Henry Meuse Rackham, aged fifteen years, a clerk in the Macclesfield savings bank, was brought before the magistrates yesterday charged with forgery and falsification of accounts. He was apprehended at Great Malvern on Thursday, and £800 were found in the room he occupied. He passed under the name of G. H. Frost. Defalcations are variously estimated at from £4,000 to £6,000. He was remanded for a week, bail being refused.

THE PUBLIC EXECUTIONER'S LEVEES.

At Worcester quarter sessions yesterday, Sir E. Lechmere, M.P., moved a resolution expressing an opinion that the executioner should he placed under the direct control of the Home Office. Sir Edmund referred to Berry's recent proceedings at Kidderminster, and said the possibility of an occurrence of such grave public scandal should be prevented. The resolution was seconded by Mr. Victor Milward, supported by several members, and carried unanimously.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE writes about the Soden Mineral Pastilles:—"I regard them as extremely valuable in obstinate Catarrhal Affections of the Throat. They are especially beneficial to Catarrhal Diseases of the Air Passages. I frequently found them of great service in the cases of singers and public speakers." Acknowledged by the Medical Profession the best remedy for Throat Irritation, Coughs, Bronchitis, and Asthma. Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d., or 13 stamps, from 10, Dyer's-buildings, Holborn, E.C.

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CHIT-CHAT FROM THE CONTINENT.

Prince Bismarck is "down" with a fierce attack of gout; his Sovereigu has just paid him a visit on the quiet, and now Count Herbert has been called to his father's bedside—Count Herbert, in whom the old Chancellor has unlimited confidence. "Herbert," he said some time ago, with a twinkle in his eye, "Herbert is the only Bismarck who works properly; if I had worked as much during my life as he does, something might have been made of me."

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It is especially in foreign and colonial affairs that Count Herbert Bismarck has laboured and studied unwearicdly in order to get a complete grasp of his subjects. How far he has succeeded may be seen from the compliment paid by the head of a large Hamburg firm, who had been a resident of the Samoa Islands for many years, and who during the recent Samoa troubles had an interview with Count Herbert. "I felt," said the old gentleman, "as if I had been talking to somebody who lived on the islands."

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It really is astonishing that as late in the day as this the Berliner should only be waking up to the notion that cheap dining and coffee houses, after the pattern of our Lockharts, &c., would be a boon to the masses. But this is the case, and the company which has just been started under the long name of "Volks Kaffee-Speisehallen-Gesellschaft" is hailed with much delight as a marvellous institution. The first of the company's coffee houses will be opened to-day.

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While, wrapped in fogs or wading through thick mud, we are still waiting for the first spell of bright winter weather, the cold is extreme in the North of Europe. A lady correspondent from St. Petersburg writes a few days ago, "The sky is one enormous vault of deep, clear blue, as I have never seen it anywhere; in the thick ice on the Neva the sun glitters and sparkles from morning till night, but we see all this only from the windows, for it is so intensely cold that we have given up going out altogether, and often feel inclined to sit in our fur coats even in the house."

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But higher up, still nearer to the threshold of the North Pole, the ladies are more daring, and the Christmas in Scandinavia (the Russians are still waiting for their Old Style Christmas, which falls on next Sunday) has been merry with gambols on their *skidren*, or snowshoes, with which they rush for miles over the hard surface of the frozen snow. It is delightful exercise, but by no means as simple as it seems at first sight, as all those know who have ever tried their fortune on snowshoes, and have speedily given it up in despair when they have found that the light boards are as leaden weights on their encumbered feet.

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Attired in robes of ruby velvet and blazing with diamonds, Mdme. Adelina Patti has given a gorgeous Christmas party to a large number of artists and men and women of letters. The surprise was a splendid Christmas tree, and off its branches the graceful *diva* gathered charming little presents, specially selected to rejoice the heart of each of her visitors.

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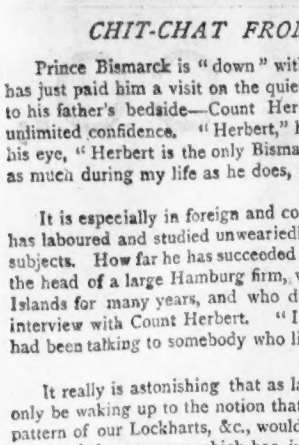
Here is an anecdote apropos of New Year's Day and its delights and trials. A rich banker enters his office on the last morning of the old year, and heaps his warmest congratulations on the head of his cashier, who, on January 1, celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of his employment by the firm. After the banker has exhausted his stock of fair phrases, he gra iously hands his employé an envelope, saying, "Here is a keepsake for you, in memory of your jubilee." The man takes the envelope, mutters many words of thanks, but does not dare to open it. "Open it," the banker says, encouragingly. This is done, and—the photograph of the donor is found inside. The cashier remaining silent with astonishment, his employer says: "Well, what do you say to it?" "All I can say," is the reply of the unhappy man, "is that it is very much like you."

PRETTY PATTI ROSA.



"OH! MY, NO!"

PORTSMOUTH claims Miss Patti Rosa as a native. English taste prevents us from viewing her performance at the Jodrell as anything but a sacrifice to the dramatic taste of transatlantic audiences. We laugh and applaud, and come away very critical about the interpolation of the variety business into orthodox drama; but the little lady is as English as the lions in Trafalgar-square. Miss Patti is a little woman with a plump, serious little face, thick bands of bonny brown hair, and soft, kindly eyes which open and beam and light up her face when one asks her what seems an odd question. This always provokes a little exclamation of "Oh! my, no!" She went on the stage at the age of four, and has been entertaining the public at intervals for the last fifteen years.

THE AMERICAN AND THE ENGLISH SOUBRETTE.

Different entirely is the American soubrette from her English sister. "Soubrettes there," said Miss Rosa, "are treated as children. I have been amused on one or two occasions to hear children who have found their way to the stage-door with an armful of toys plaintively inquire, 'Where is Patti Rosa; I have come to play with Patti Rosa.'"

"Lotta is the envy of all American soubrettes. She is the richest among us," said Miss Patti, "and worth a million dollars." Another child-actress is Maggie Mitchell. She is fifty, and looks fifteen. They all make the great western tour; but Miss Rosa must be accorded the honour of having captured Texas. The largest item of expenditure on the trip is railway fares. "For weeks," said Miss Rosa, "I have played at single-night towns, travelling 400 miles to reach the next place worthy of a show."

COPIED FROM NATURE.

"Did you have that little blue plush mantle you wear in the last act made in England?"

"Oh! my, no! I had all my dresses made in America. That's a child's fashion in New York. All my dresses are exact copies of little girl's fashions. So are the tricks and the by-play; they are all studied from life. You know children are rather more original there. I never practise any of the by-play at rehearsal. It crops up spontaneously."

"What of that charming wink you had to repeat three times the other night; couldn't you repeat that?"

"My; no—I really couldn't. I was rather nervous. When I am singing I always fix my eyes on a single face in the audience—a woman's for preference—and play to that face. I have tried it on opera glasses, and the owner always drops them before I am half through with my song. What I like to hear is a peculiarly hearty natural kind of laugh. I can't describe it to you. Other bursts are sure to follow."

TWO GRUMBLES.

The negro songs and the peculiar tripping with which Miss Rosa walks about the stage were copied from the coloured folk of the South. She is a domesticated little woman; spends the time snatched from rehearsals and performances in reading and in sewing. She has two grumbles against England; the high prices at the theatres, and the remarkably ingenious way in which hotel proprietors run up the fees. "Six shillings is about the highest average price in America for a single seat, except for the opera. And the hotel fees; the inquiring foreigner must not ask a question here without it appears in the bill."

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IBERIA.....	4,702	.. 4,300 ..	Jan. 18.
ORMUZ.....	6,116	.. 8,500 ..	Feb. 1.
CUZCO	3,918	.. 4,000 ..	Feb. 15.
ORIENT	5,386	.. 6,000 ..	Mar. 1.
LUSITANIA ..	3,805	.. 4,000 ..	March 15.

The steamers will call at Colombo until further notice
Loading Berth, Tilbury Docks.
Cheap Single and Return Tickets.
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BOMBAY by P. and O. from London and Brindisi every week.
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BAGHDAD	Four weekly.
BATAVIA	"
BRISBANE	"
ROCKHAMPTON	"
ZANZIBAR	"

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Uncalled 500,000 1,000,000
Reserve Fund 325,000
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EDMUND ROUSE, Manager.

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Nos. 84 and 85, KING WILLIAM-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
CAPITAL £1,000,000.
Fully subscribed, £500,000; paid-up, £100,000.
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Subscribed Capital 1,500,000
Paid-up Capital..... 600,000
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AND
57, CHARING CROSS, S.W.

THE FIRE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION (LIMITED).
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Capital fully subscribed £600,000
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RELIEF OF DISTRESS
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Chairman.—C. T. MURDOCH, Esq., M.P.
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WILLIAM T. GRANT Secretary.

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£2 " " 24th June "
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Foreign, American, and General Trust	119	116 " 6p.c.
American Investment Trust	119	118 " 6½p.c.
Army and Navy Investment Trust	117	116 " 7p.c

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31st December, 1888.

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Amount Insured	£3,000	Amount Insured	£1,000
Bonus Additions	1,796	Bonus Additions	2,030
Amount Paid	£4,796	Amount Payable	£3,030
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BECAUSE Extract of Meat contains NO nutritive elements, but is merely a stimulant.
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BOUILLON FLEET contains
Peptone 17.28
Soluble Albuminoids 6.62
BECAUSE Bouillon Fleet is far more palatable than a Solution of Extract of Beef.
Of all Grocers, Chemists, Licensed Victuallers. If you find difficulty in obtaining Bouillon Fleet from your own grocer or dealer, please send order and remittance direct to FLEET and CO., 1, FENCHURCH-AVENUE (and CAMBERWELL), who will deliver free. *Samples free to any address in town or country.*

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EPPS'S COCOA.

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THE SALE OF
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